

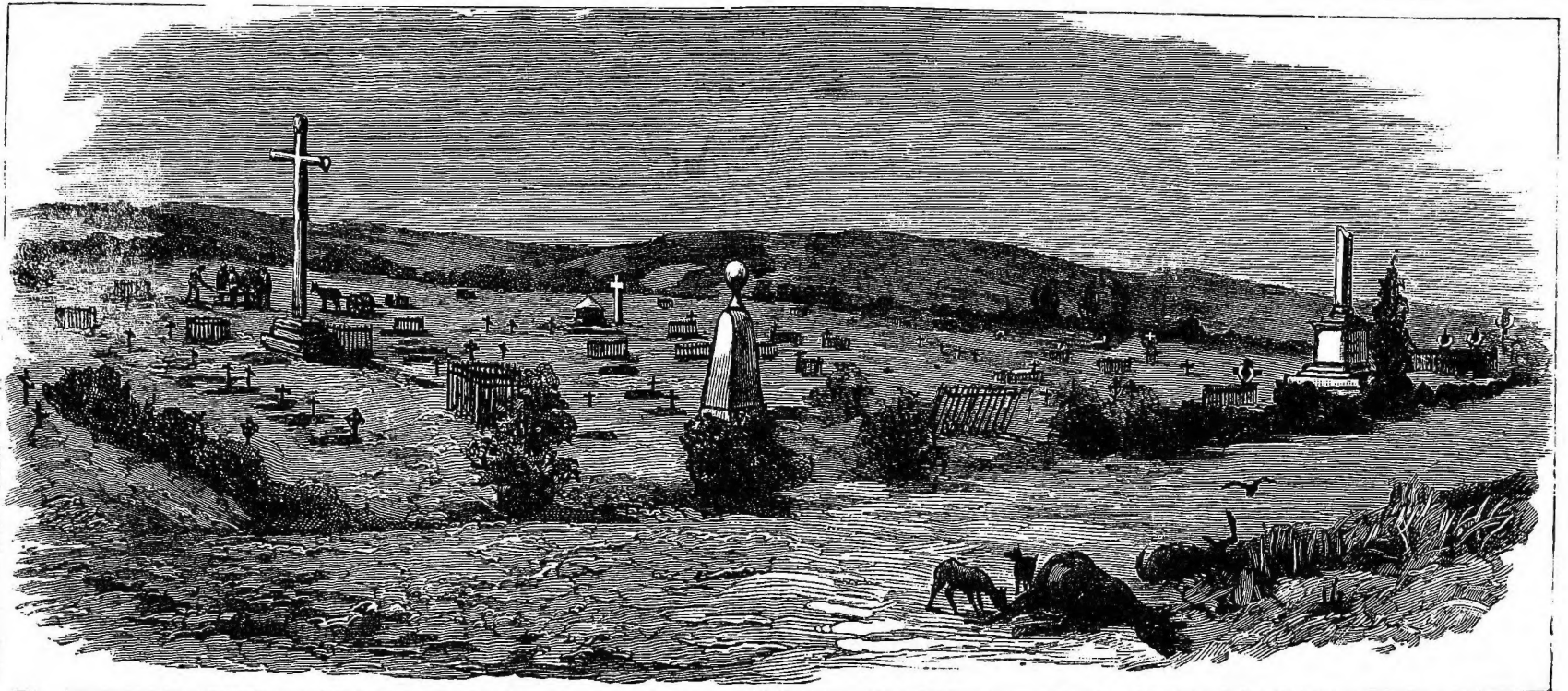
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

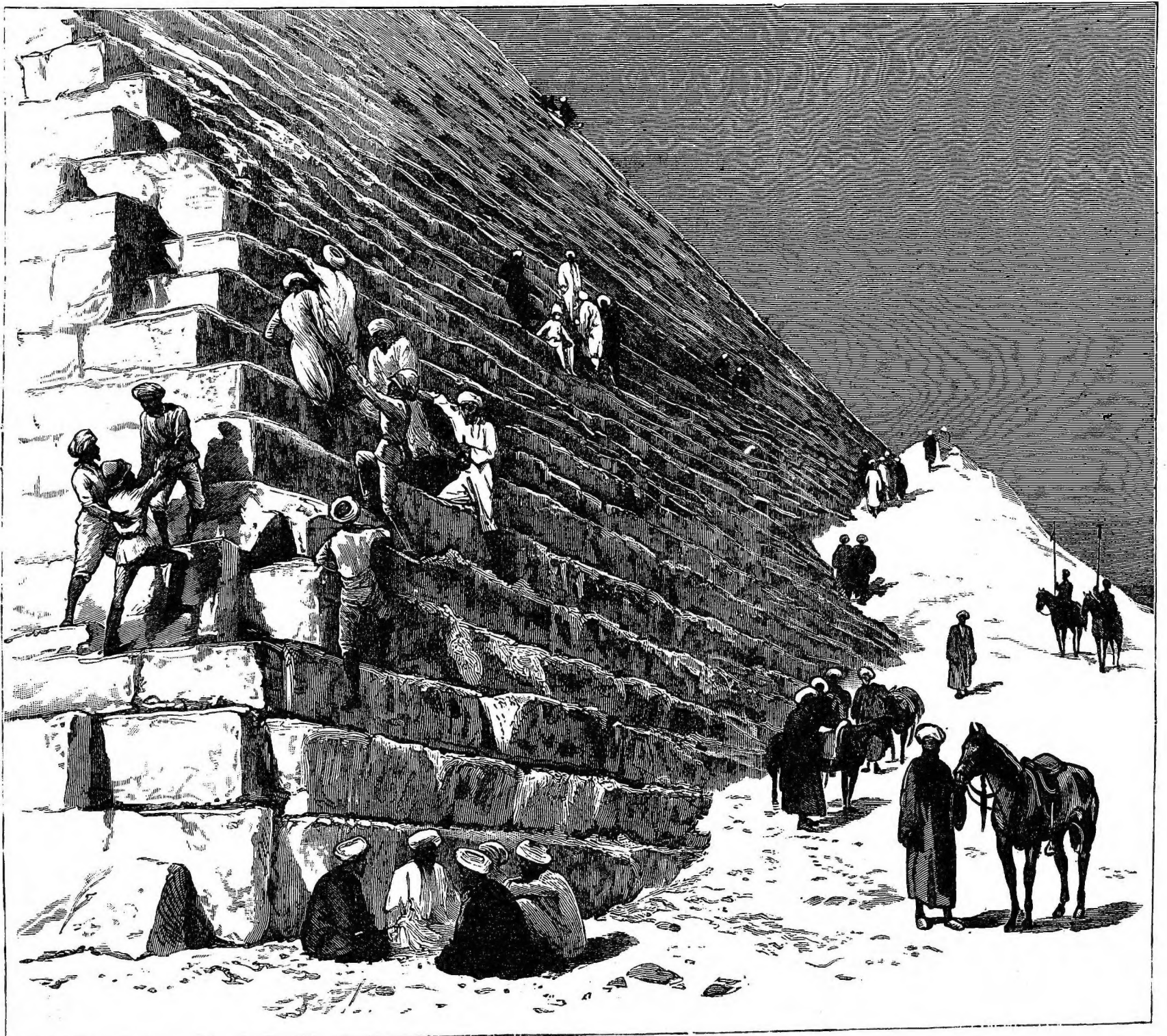
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GRAVES OF BRITISH OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS AT ISMAILIA
From a Sketch by a Non-Commissioned Officer



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ASCENDING THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS, CAIRO
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson
THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT

Topics of the Week

THE DUBLIN NATIONAL CONFERENCE.—Whatever the deficiencies of the Irish people may be in other respects, they are "all there" in getting up Leagues, Conferences, and such like agitatory apparatus. Indeed, some of those institutions, such as Trades' Unionism, which we imagine to be peculiarly English, probably owe their birth to an Irish germ. Ireland was familiar with workmen's strikes as long ago as the middle of the last century, and it was these strikes, combined with the jealous fiscal policy of Great Britain, which helped to ruin the infant manufactures of Ireland. At all events, here we are face to face with a new organisation. The Land League is officially dead, but a new League, Phoenix-like, has risen from its ashes. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi.* The first point which strikes the reader of the programme of the National Conference is that Article I. includes all the subsequent articles. It is as Aaron's serpent-rod was to the magicians' serpent-rods. It swallows the lot of them. Granted an Irish Parliament to manage Irish affairs (which is the demand of Article I.), why should England bother her head about county boards, extension of franchise, peasant proprietors, or agricultural labourers, which are the demands of the succeeding portion of the programme? The truth is that the Irish leaders being astute men, and having to deal with a Premier who can be as easily moulded by agitators as if he was made of gutta-percha, are aware that by asking for the whole they can often get a considerable part of their demands. It is the old story of the farmer who got a new gate from his landlord by asking for a new barn. Now those who fancy that Mr. Gladstone's recent legislation has taken the wind out of the sails of Irish agitation know very little of the depth and intensity of the feeling (not only in Ireland, remember, but wherever there are Irishmen) which furnishes fuel for that agitation. Mr. Parnell speaks of having eighty or ninety members of the National Party in the House of Commons in order to carry self-government. Is this an empty boast? Look at the increase of Home Rule representatives during the last ten years. If the Irish franchise is lowered before the next Parliament meets, their ranks are certain to be largely increased. Even with their present numbers the Home Rule Brigade have managed to strangle almost all legislation except Irish legislation for several successive Sessions. What will the Government do when there are eighty or ninety men, all bent on making themselves as troublesome as possible, not because they want more power at Westminster, but because they want to be transferred from Westminster to Dublin? It is most doubtful if any Procedure Reform will disconcert their obstructive tactics unless Rules are specially framed against Irish Home Rulers, a course which would be totally at variance with the theory of our Parliamentary system. It seems that we are rapidly approaching a time when we shall have only two alternatives from which to choose. We must either govern Ireland as India is governed; or let her govern herself, like Canada, and the several colonies of Australia. After all, even if the experiment of self-government were to fail, of which we are by no means sure, the brunt of the mischief would fall on Ireland, and not on us.

EGYPT'S NEW DEPARTURE.—It is a good sign that comparatively little has been said lately either in England or on the Continent about the reorganisation of Egypt. All the world seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the task is one which cannot be accomplished quickly, and that the first steps, whatever they may be, must be taken by the British Government. Fortunately the French are beginning to reconcile themselves to the fact that the Dual Control cannot be re-established. M. Brédif, the French Controller, has, indeed, started for Egypt, but it must be assumed that the French Government have not directed him to return for the purpose of resuming his old functions. If the essential demands of England be conceded, it should not be very difficult to give France adequate guarantees for the maintenance of her undoubted interests. The really troublesome question is how far the Egyptians themselves should be entrusted with power. There is a general disposition in England to sneer at the notion of fellaheen electing a representative assembly; but how many Englishmen have the means of knowing whether the fellaheen are capable of this responsibility or not? Statesmen of high position used to assert that our own working classes were utterly unfit for political duties; yet we do not find that Great Britain has deteriorated since the establishment of household suffrage. The fellaheen, when delivered from reckless oppression, appear to know how to attend to private business; and it is not impossible that, if asked to appoint representatives, they would recognise the kind of men who would be likely to serve them prudently. However this may be, there should be no hesitation as to the propriety of nominating Egyptians to as many public offices as possible. Probably some of the highest posts must be in the hands of Europeans; but the natives have a perfect right to ask that they shall not be excluded, as hitherto, from their own administrative system. Some of them are inclined to urge that England ought to do them the service of abolishing the tribute to Turkey; and if it could be done, the results would, no doubt, be excellent. But the question of the Sultan's sovereignty in

Egypt is too delicate to be handled rashly, and in this instance we may be sure that Mr. Gladstone will be content to "let sleeping dogs lie."

THE POLITICS OF INTELLECT.—The country squire always voted "against that confounded intellect," and of course he voted for the Tory party. That party never quite forgave Mr. Mill for calling it "stupid," and Lord Carnarvon lately said that "three-fourths of the literary power of the country and four-fifths of the intellectual ability" are Conservative. "A Literary Man" replies in *The Times*, by producing a list of well-known writers who, "allowing for dislike of particular measures or Ministers, are Liberals." But even if the list were accurate and exhaustive, it would be no answer to Lord Carnarvon. He was speaking of the actual moment in politics, and by "Conservative" he clearly meant "anti-Gladstonian," or "anti-Radical." Now the "Literary Man's" list of Liberals is full of anti-Radicals and anti-Gladstonians. First comes Mr. Froude, who constantly asserts that the people of England have lost their wits, since Mr. Gladstone has been that People's William. Then we have those eminent partisans of Mr. Gladstone, Sir Henry Layard (so noted for his support of the present Premier during the Russo-Turkish War) and the Master of Balliol. Mr. Brodrick, the Warden of Merton College, Oxford, occurs in the "Literary Man's" list, though his latest exploit was to attack Mr. Gladstone's Land Act. Then comes Mr. Goldwin Smith, by no means an advocate for "conciliation" in Ireland, Professor Tyndall, whom the profane call a Jingo, and so on. The "Literary Man's" list, in short, is full of names which might at present be claimed by Conservatism.

TEETOTALLERS AND PUBLICANS.—Thanks to Irish and Egyptian troubles there has been a truce for some time between the alcoholists and the water-bibbers, but now war is recommencing. We say war, but the aggression is really all on one side. Poor Bung does not want to fight; all he asks is to be let alone. His ideal of perfection is something of this sort. No nonsensical restrictions about days and hours, open and close when you please; customers who drink quickly, so that others can take their places, and who show no inclination to stagger or get quarrelsome till they have put at least half-a-mile between themselves and the last hostelry at which they tripped. But such conceptions are only for Utopia; in real life, customers who drink to excess have an unreasonable habit of revealing that excess before they have time to get home. A publican may be a highly respectable, nay, in a certain way, a conscientious man. So are some of the chief patrons of the Turf. Yet the unfortunate fact remains that public-houses and horse-races are pre-eminent in their power of attracting persons of objectionable habits. What intending householder would, supposing he had the power of choice, intentionally select for his private residence a house next to a tavern? Bung may be and often is a very good fellow personally, but his establishment is apt to be more or less of a nuisance; and this is why so many respectable people, who are not teetotalers, do not oppose Sunday Closing Bills, although such legislation is in itself eminently tyrannical. This passive, neutral attitude on the part of a large body of moderate drinkers adds great strength to the teetotal aggressionists, who, drunkards being by reason of their frailty unfitted for organisation, find no formidable enemy opposed to them except "the trade." We do not think that the proposed conversion of the publicans from Toryism to Radicalism will much affect their future position, but we do think that an honourable man should choose his politics from conviction and not from self-interest. Instead of recommending the publicans to become political turncoats, let us repeat a bit of advice, which we have given more than once before now. The mere drink-shop is getting more and more to be regarded as a vulgar, coarse, mischievous place, and will, we prophesy, receive scant sympathy at the hands of our future legislators; but the man who is not merely in name but in deed a licensed victualler, who, beside drinks, alcoholic and other, furnishes a variety of wholesome food to his customers, will never, Sir Wilfrid notwithstanding, cease out of the land.

GENERAL ELECTIONS IN PRUSSIA AND ITALY.—For some time Italian and Prussian politicians have been making vigorous preparations for the impending general elections, and it is worthy of note that the constituencies of the two countries have responded in a very different manner to the appeals of their leaders. In Prussia all classes of the community manifest deep interest in the questions of the day, and it is expected that votes will be recorded by a larger number of electors than on almost any previous occasion. The Italians, on the contrary, can with difficulty be induced to give attention to the opinions even of statesmen of the foremost rank. Agitators make a loud outcry, but the majority of the people are indifferent, and political associations do not attempt to kindle general enthusiasm. Probably a more energetic temper will prevail when Italians begin to realise how much depends on the action of Parliament, but in the mean time the public apathy has very unfortunate results. It discourages men of intellect and position from coming forward to play a leading part in political life, and offers innumerable opportunities to demagogues whose sole object is to promote their own interests. It would be well for Italy if the new Chamber supported cordially the sensible

policy expounded by Signor Minghetti, but it is impossible to foretell what may happen in a country where the professional politician counts for so much and the nation itself for so little. In Prussia there cannot be much doubt as to the general result of the elections. The Liberals may not secure a majority, but everybody expects that their numbers will be increased; while it is certain that the Conservatives and the Catholic party will be unable to form a trustworthy alliance. There is, therefore, no chance of Prince Bismarck's domestic policy being accepted, and it is understood that he is fully prepared for defeat; although he is, no doubt, determined that if he cannot have his own way in legislation, neither shall the Liberals have theirs.

ARABI'S LITTLE GAME.—A correspondent of the *Daily News* in Egypt has been privileged to give to the world Arabi's account of his own "little game." Arabi wishes the English public to know what he had in his mind when he first insulted and then defied us. The information is highly instructive, and Arabi's opinion of England displays more humour than his publication of his ideas proves discretion. He "never expected that he would be long able to resist the invasion, but he thought he could probably do so long enough to convince England that the movement was a true national one, and to win our sympathy." If Arabi has on this occasion deviated into truth, and if he is correctly reported, his remarks show us the source of the Egyptian war. It was our treatment of the Boers. We flew upon the Boers with angry cries, but, when we were a good deal worsted, we said "the movement is a true national one," and we gave it our respectful sympathy. If the Egyptians had shot better at Tel-el-Kebir, by this time their "movement," too, would have engaged our affectionate esteem, and Arabi might be Prince President of the first Egyptian Republic. The moral seems to be that it is unwise of England to kiss the hand that beats her, and we should not bestow our sympathy as freely as, according to the poet, does "the Bandicoot, the Bandicoot, that wildly sympathetic brute."

SHIP CANALS.—The old-fashioned canals, capable only of carrying barges, which won such renown for the Duke of Bridgewater and Brindley, the engineer, a century ago, have now become rather obsolete. If they did not exist, no one would construct them; but, as they are made, they form a useful adjunct to the railway for the carriage of heavy or bulky materials of small value. But for the ship canal a new era is opening. Africa has for ten years been an island; and if the Siamese link which binds together those two dissimilar twins, North and South America, is not shortly severed, the delay will be due rather to climatic obstacles or political complications than to engineering incapacity. The exigencies of railway making—the embankments, and cuttings, and tunnels—have taught the modern engineer how to "shift dirt" on a scale which would have been deemed miraculous by the shrewd heads which set "navigators" to work to dig out our old canals, and therefore no task of this sort transcends human ambition. The constantly-increasing use of steam also, to the supersession of sailing ships, renders canals of more practical importance than formerly. A sailing ship, unaided by a fair wind, would naturally make very slow progress along a narrow cut of water, whereas a steamer—on account of the smoothness of the surface—shows to better advantage there than on the sea. Hence we have ambitious projects of ship canals in various quarters. France desires to islandise herself by cutting a broad, deep dyke from Bordeaux to the Mediterranean; Germany proposes a waterway from the Baltic to the North Sea, across Holstein, thus rendering herself independent of a possible Danish blockade of the Sound; Manchester plans to become a seaport, to bring the briny ocean close to Market Street, and leave her old rival Liverpool stuck in the mud. This latter project is to be achieved either by a canal from the Mersey, or, better still, by utilising the neglected estuary of the Dee. And if Manchester succeeds in her scheme, why not extend the canal on to Birmingham, and thence to London? Before many years we may see one of the monsters of the deep which are owned by the Cunard Company or the P. and O. steaming through the green meadows of Warwickshire.

FRENCH LEGITIMISTS AND THE REPUBLIC.—There have been many Legitimist banquets in France lately, and an enthusiastic writer—M. Lavedan—maintains that as in 1848 banquets preceded the fall of the Monarchy, so in 1882 "banquets seem to prelude the fall of the Republic." This is probably the opinion of all French Legitimists; but it is difficult to see on what ground of solid fact they base their expectations. The Republic in its present form does not excite general or profound enthusiasm; for it has not been conspicuously successful in the management of foreign relations, and at home it has given deep offence to everybody who still regards the Church with veneration. But, were it abolished, what other form of Government could take its place? Imperialism, if not dead, is in a state of suspended animation; and Legitimism has made itself impossible by the ardour with which it has clung to extinct political dogmas. In a conversation reported by M. Lavedan, the Comte de Chambord is said to have declared that if his rights were acknowledged he would maintain an Upper House, but subject to nomination by the Crown; the only guarantee against abuse being that Peers would be chosen from the class

of Frenchmen who had been elected to public duties by their fellow citizens. "There would be two Sacraments—that of Baptism, given by the people; and that of Confirmation, which would be given by the King." It would be impossible to indicate more precisely the spirit of "Henry V." and his adherents. They are necessarily opposed to free institutions; and the maintenance of free institutions is now as inevitable in France as it has ever been in England. It may be doubted whether the Monarchical party would become important even if the Legitimists were to be converted to the doctrines of the Orleanists; but we may safely say that France will never willingly accept a ruler who can still talk of an Upper House appointed exclusively by himself. She is more likely to look upon the continued assertion of his pretensions as a harmless, but rather dreary joke.

DIAMOND SHARPERS.—There is a proverb, "Diamond cut diamond," but in two recent instances the cutting has been at the expense of diamond-merchants, and they have shown themselves by no means so hard or impenetrable as the flashing gems in which they deal. No nervous, timid people, we fancy, would ever choose voluntarily to be diamond merchants; they would feel that their footsteps were being perpetually dogged by persons with felonious designs; and after these recent occurrences the said nervous people will envy the diamond merchant less than ever. Both these robberies were cleverly executed, and we cannot resist a certain tribute of admiration for the coolness and dexterity of the thieves, especially in the Attenborough affair. That leaving of his hat on the shop-counter was a stroke of real genius, because we all know that a well-dressed man is so perfectly helpless out of doors without his hat. A bare-headed man who has thus left his head-gear, as it were, in pawn on the counter, would be, according to ordinary opinion hitherto, as unlikely to quit the premises as if he had a chain round his leg. It may be supposed that Mr. Wellby's shopman excused himself by saying (if we may venture to misquote the "divine Williams") "I saw young Harry with his beaver off, and I thought it was all right." Of course, the secret of the success of these audacious robberies is that honesty is the rule in the overwhelming majority of commercial transactions, and hence a sharp business man, fully wide awake in all matters pertaining to his trade, is taken off his guard by the presentation of a letter of introduction or a trade-card.

GERMANS AS COLONISTS.—The Dutch and the French, great colonising Powers in the past, seem to have lost their energy in that direction. The Dutch are content with the administration of their vast East Indian dependencies; while the French reconcile themselves for the loss of India and Canada by petty annexations in tropical countries. Until the other day Germany was but "a geographical expression;" and even now, though welded together by "blood and iron," she has no colonies. Indeed, there is scarcely place for any more colonies on the earth's surface; that is, there is no unclaimed region of any size, fitted by its climate for Europeans, and inhabited only by wandering tribes of savages. Nevertheless, the Germans have of late come very much to the front as colonists, although necessity obliges them to emigrate to countries where a foreign flag flies. They have always been esteemed as a patient, steadily-working, law-abiding people, since the days when, after the ravaging of the Palatinate, small bodies of them were planted in Pennsylvania and in the south of Ireland. But it is only of late years that their emigration has assumed large proportions. Next to the native Americans, they are now the most numerous nationality in the United States. They even outnumber the Irish, and both in the States and in Canada they are said to be more prolific than any other people. Then they are content to go through a course of plodding, monotonous labour, which the more enterprising Anglo-American, who prefers speculation to hard bodily work, is apt to despise. Hence it cannot be wondered at that the small farms of the older States are gradually passing into German or Scandinavian hands. Nor is the German himself deficient in enterprise. In London and other big English towns, and in colonial and foreign seaports, we know this to our cost. He cuts out our commercial men, both clerks and principals. He works more hours, lives more economically, and works for less pay. These are the unpardonable sins which render John Chinaman so unpopular, and Hans is in some sort a kind of European Chinaman. As far as the United States are concerned, if the constant exodus from Germany should continue, it is almost a toss-up whether, a century hence, German may not be the mother-tongue of North America.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.—The lecturers appointed on behalf of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching have resumed their winter labours, and it is satisfactory to learn that many of them have succeeded in forming large classes. The movement originated about ten years ago, when the University of Cambridge entrusted a Syndicate with the duty of organising lectures in "populous places." This body is still at work, and Cambridge lectures are now held in about twenty towns, some of which have been encouraged to found permanent educational institutions of a high class. It occurred to a good many persons that a scheme which had produced such excellent results in provincial towns might be equally popular in London, and so a Society was formed specially for the metropolis. If the inhabitants of any London district wish to have the privilege of courses of University lectures, they choose a local committee, whose

business is to co-operate with the Council of the Society. Lecturers are then nominated from a list which is drawn up by a Joint Board representing the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London. The Joint Board also appoints examiners, and advises with the Council on educational matters generally. Lectures are delivered on art, literature, history, philosophy, and many different branches of physical science, each local committee deciding as to the course or courses likely to be most suitable to its particular district. Class instruction follows the lectures, and there are examinations in writing, successful students receiving certificates from the Joint Board. Of course it cannot be said that training received in this way is equal to systematic training at the Universities; but the work is thoroughly honest, and, as far as it goes, remarkably effective. In some districts—Croydon, for instance—the scheme is so successful that there is a considerable surplus after the payment of all expenses, the salaries of the lecturers included. It may be hoped that we shall soon hear of a large number of new centres, especially in places where the lectures could be attended in the afternoon by the older pupils of girls' schools, and in the evening by artisans.

JEWISH EXILES.—Deeply as we all felt for the Hebrews who were expelled from Russia by the ferocious and bigoted Muscovite, it may be doubted whether our American kinsmen still mingle their tears with ours. The exiled Israelites took refuge in New York, and their "proud answer to the tyrant and the oppressor is that their bright home is in the setting sun." But, in touching the shores of Freedom, they seem to have acquired the elements of license. They do not take kindly to labour, nor to those toils of the husbandman which Virgil loved and sung. They have no ambition to train the turnip to be a creeper, and their knowledge of husbandry seems to be on a level with Mark Twain's, when he edited a farming paper, and observed that "the Guano is a fine bird." No, the Jews are still quartered on the funds of the Hebrew Emigration Society, and on Ward's Island, near New York. Here one Rabotta assaulted the head-waiter at dinner, thumping him over the head with the ladle, and "giving him his kail through the reek," as the Scotch say. The police attempted to arrest Rabotta, but his fellow-countrymen showed more pluck than they exhibited in Russia. They "went for" the police with such weapons as chance supplied, or fury might suggest. The superintendent was knocked down, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. We regret to hear that, in the opinion of the Jews of the States, their Eastern kinsmen are "idle worthless people." This, doubtless, is the result of centuries of Muscovite oppression, but it is curious that the American agrees with the Russian estimate of the Russian Jews.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA HALF-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.



LYCEUM.—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45, Benedict, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCES—Saturdays, Oct. 28, Nov. 4, Nov. 11, Nov. 18, and Dec. 2, at Two o'clock. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Daily, from 10 to 5.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT (Managers: Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN). ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—Revival of the "TURQUOISE RING," by G. W. Godfrey and Lionel Benson. Followed by an entirely New and Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "EN ROUTE."—Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office Now Open from 10 to 6. No fees.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity."—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton, Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, From Victoria at 10.45 a.m., and London Bridge at 10.35 a.m. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts. A Special Train for Horses, Carriages, and Servants, From Victoria to Brighton, at 11.15 a.m. every Weekday.

BRIGHTON.—THE NEW PULLMAN LIMITED EXPRESS, Lighted by Electricity, and fitted with the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, now runs between Victoria and Brighton.

From Brighton, Weekdays, at 10.0 a.m., and 3.50 p.m. From Victoria, Weekdays, at 1.20 p.m., and 5.45 p.m. This New Train, specially constructed and elegantly fitted up by the Pullman Car Company, consists of four Cars, each over 58 feet in length. The Car "Beatrice" (Drawing-Room) contains also a Ladies' Boudoir and Dressing Room. The Car "Louise" (Parlour) contains also a separate apartment for a private party. The Car "Victoria" contains a Buffet for Tea, Coffee, and other Light Refreshments, also a Newspaper Counter. The Car "Maude" is appropriated for Smoking. The whole Train is lighted by Electricity, the system being that of Edison's incandescent Lamps in connection with Faure's system of Accumulators. Lavatories are provided in each Car, and a separate compartment for Servants is also provided in one of the Cars. The Staff attached to this Train consist of a Chief Conductor, Assistant Conductor, a Page Boy, and two Guards. There is electric communication between the several Cars and the Conductors; a passenger travelling in any one of the Cars can therefore call the attention of the Conductor by pressing one of the small Electric discs. There is a covered gangway communication between each Car, thereby enabling the Conductors to pass from Car to Car.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEUCHÂTEAU, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN. Cheap Express Service every Weeknight, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Neuchâteau and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT

GRAVES OF OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS AT ISMAILIA

"HERE," writes the artist, "are buried all officers and men who have died of their wounds and of sickness at Ismailia Hospital. The graves are dug in the sand, and are not very deep, as the sand falls in. Large wild dogs prowl about, and devour the bodies of mules and horses, which are lying in all directions. The smells and the flies are something terrible."

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT CLIMBING A PYRAMID

ONE of the chief amusements of our Army of Occupation at Cairo has been to visit the Pyramids. The troops of both the services have been taken in detachments to see these great monuments of ancient Egypt, while the officers have made up picnic parties to make the chief ascents. One party of officers, on making the ascent, heliographed to Sir Garnet Wolseley at Cairo:—"Forty Centuries Salute You." Our sketch represents the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by some of his officers, ascending the Pyramid of Cheops.

THE FORTS IN ABOUKIR BAY

THE forts in Aboukir Bay were definitely surrendered on the 20th ult. to Admiral Dowell, who, with the *Minotaur*, *Achilles*, *Sultan*, *Condor*, and *Falcon*, dropped anchor in the Bay that morning. As the day dawned the Admiral with his flag-captain and staff landed, and the Egyptians at once surrendered, the officer in command tendering his sword, not, as he said, without satisfaction. The whole line of forts were in our hands by 7 A.M. "The forts," writes the officer to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "are from one and a half to two miles apart. The sea-faces were armed with heavy rifled guns, and the side faces with smooth-bore. There were four Martello towers, on which, however, no rifled guns were mounted, although two were lying outside each. The sketches are sufficiently explained by their titles."

THE LATE DEAN OF WINDSOR

THE Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, died on the 18th ult., at Hazlewood, near Watford, after a short illness. He was the youngest son of the first Lord Cowley, and was born in 1809. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, and was admitted into priest's orders in 1831. From 1836 he held the family living of Strathfieldsaye, Hampshire, down to 1854, when he was appointed Dean of Windsor. He was also Registrar to the Order of the Garter, Resident Domestic Chaplain of Her Majesty, Crown Trustee of the British Museum, and Lord High Almoner to the Queen, by whom he was much beloved and respected as a private friend. In 1856 the Dean married a daughter of Lord Rokeby, by whom he has left an only son, born in 1865.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Chapside.

THE LATE MR. J. C. COBBOLD

MR. JOHN CHEVALLIER COBBOLD, was born 24th August, 1797. He sat in Parliament, on the Conservative benches, from 1847 to 1868, and was High Steward of the Borough of Ipswich from 1875 until his death, which took place on the 6th inst. Mr. Cobbold was much respected throughout East Anglia, and many inhabitants of that district will remember the grief which was felt seven years ago when his son, Mr. John Patteson Cobbold, was snatched away by death in the midst of a career full of promise. The sorrow felt for the demise of the father was naturally less poignant, as he had long since passed the usual span of life, nevertheless the utmost respect was shown by the inhabitants of Ipswich on the day of the funeral, business being in the early part of the day entirely suspended.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Cade and White, Ipswich.

THE NEW DEAN OF WINDSOR

CANON CONNOR, the Vicar of Newport, Isle of Wight, has been appointed by the Premier to fill Dean Wellesley's place, and Her Majesty has also made him her Domestic Chaplain. The Rev. George Henry Connor was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards took his M.A. degree at Oxford. He was admitted to priest's orders in 1847. After serving successively as Curate at St. Jude's, Southsea, and at Wareham, Dorset, he was, in 1852, appointed Vicar of Newport, Isle of Wight, and in 1874 Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. He is also Chaplain to the Governor of the Isle of Wight at Carisbrooke Castle, and Honorary Canon of Winchester Cathedral.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. N. King, 4, Avenue Road Villas, Goldhawk Road, W.

WRECK OF H.M.S. "PHENIX"

ON the morning of September 12th, H.M. sloop *Phoenix*, commanded by Commander Grenfell, left Gaspé, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for Halifax, Nova Scotia, in company with H.M.S. *Northampton*. During the afternoon the weather became threatening, and the air hazy, so the ship was put under double-reefed topsails and foresail. The night which followed was very dark, with much wind, but all was apparently going well, when, with a tremendous crash, the *Phoenix* went on a reef off Prince Edward's Island. The water-tight doors were immediately closed, and all hands were summoned to save ship. The sailors worked calmly and without confusion. As she was bumping heavily on the reef steam was got up, when suddenly the stern-post was smashed, and the screw propeller dropped into the sea. Thereupon the captain ordered part of the men to construct a raft, the remainder being engaged in pumping, as the sea had by this time forced its way through the bottom, and flooded the engine-room and cabins.

When day dawned, after a weary and anxious night, the sky was black, the wind was blowing hard, and the white surf which dashed against the red cliffs showed that there was no chance of launching a boat successfully. Thus matters went on through the day, until about midnight, when the wind and sea abated, and early next day a boat from the shore, manned by four men, put off through the surf and rowed alongside. The crew were directed to lower all boats, and in a very orderly and quiet way the disembarkation began. The first detachment who landed lighted a fire on the beach, and boiled some cocoa for the men's breakfast, and subsequently all hands found shelter in a lobster-canning establishment. The lull was most providential, but very short-lived; the next day it began to blow again, and the *Northampton*, which arrived on the 16th, was unable to embark the crew until the 19th. The *Phoenix* was a new vessel (sister to the *Doterel*), and was commissioned in 1880.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. James Cox, the Paymaster of the *Phoenix*.

THE BALFE MEMORIAL TABLET IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE tablet is placed in the north-west aisle, almost side by side with the monuments to Henry Purcell and Dr. Samuel Arnold, close to the tomb of William Sterndale Bennett, and opposite the monuments of Dr. John Blow and Dr. William Croft.



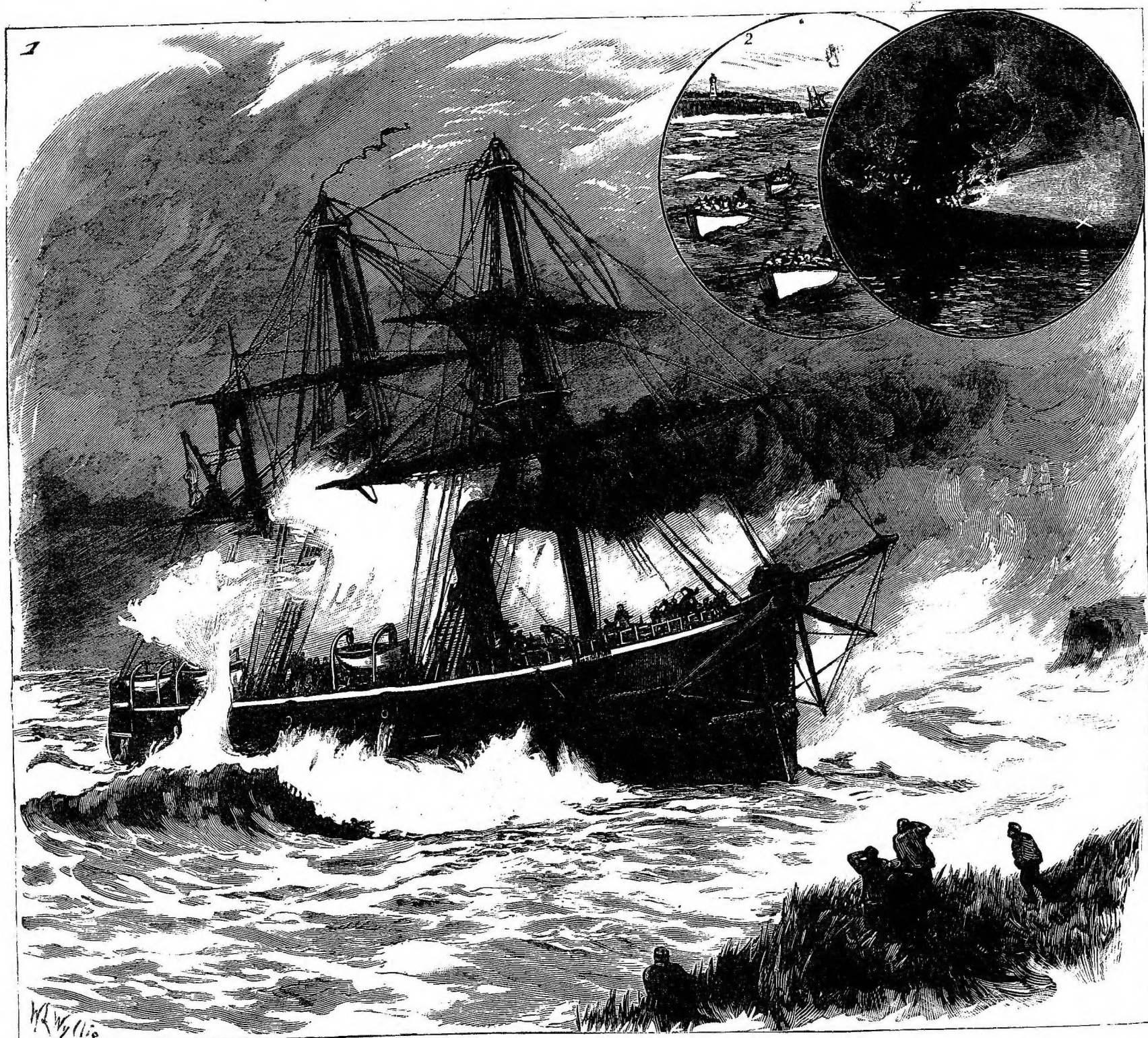
THE VERY REV. GERALD VALERIAN WELLESLEY,
DEAN OF WINDSOR
Died Sept. 18, aged 72



JOHN CHEVALLIER COBBOLD, ESQ., J.P.
Died Oct. 6, aged 85

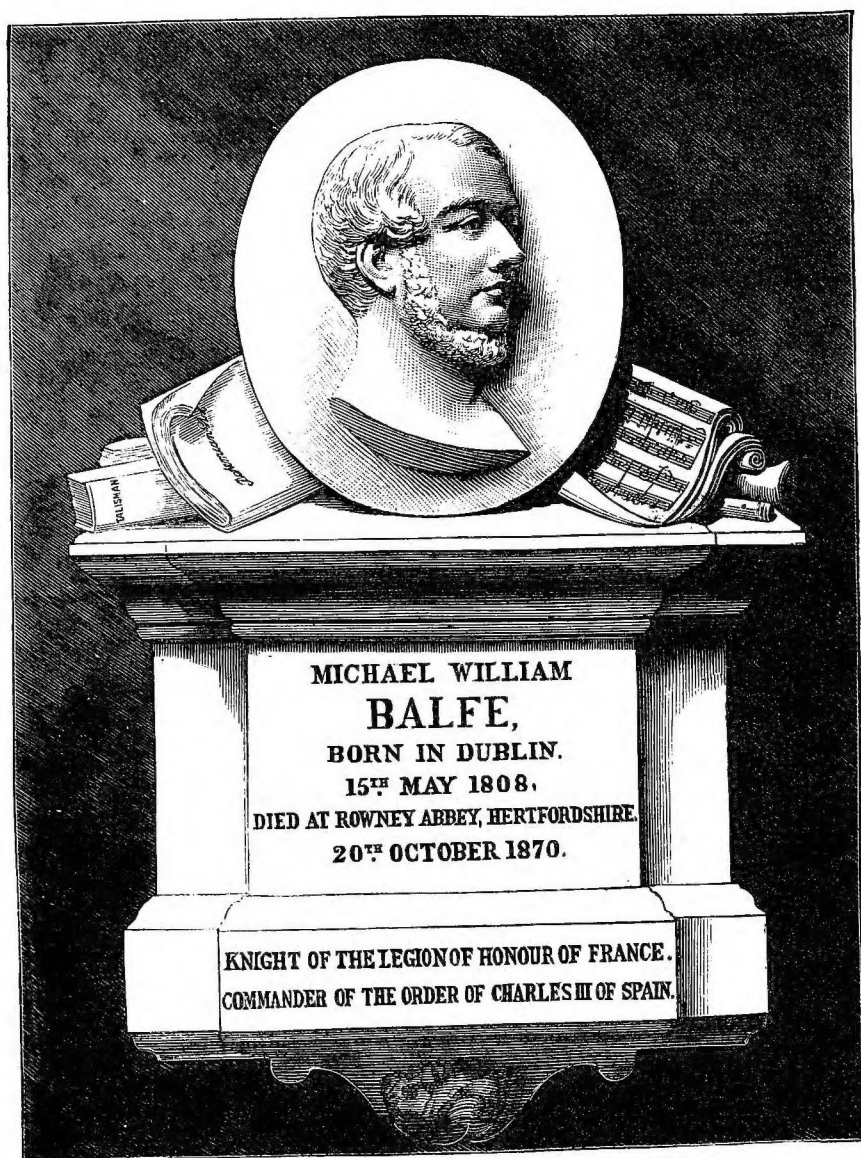


THE VERY REV. GEORGE HENRY CONNOR
The New Dean of Windsor



1. H.M.S. "Phoenix" at Daylight, Sept. 13: Crew on the Forecastle Constructing Raft.—2. View taken from South-East Side of East Point.—3. H.M.S. "Northampton" Off East Point Lighthouse; Hoisting in the Guns Saved from the "Phoenix," and Using the Electric Light.

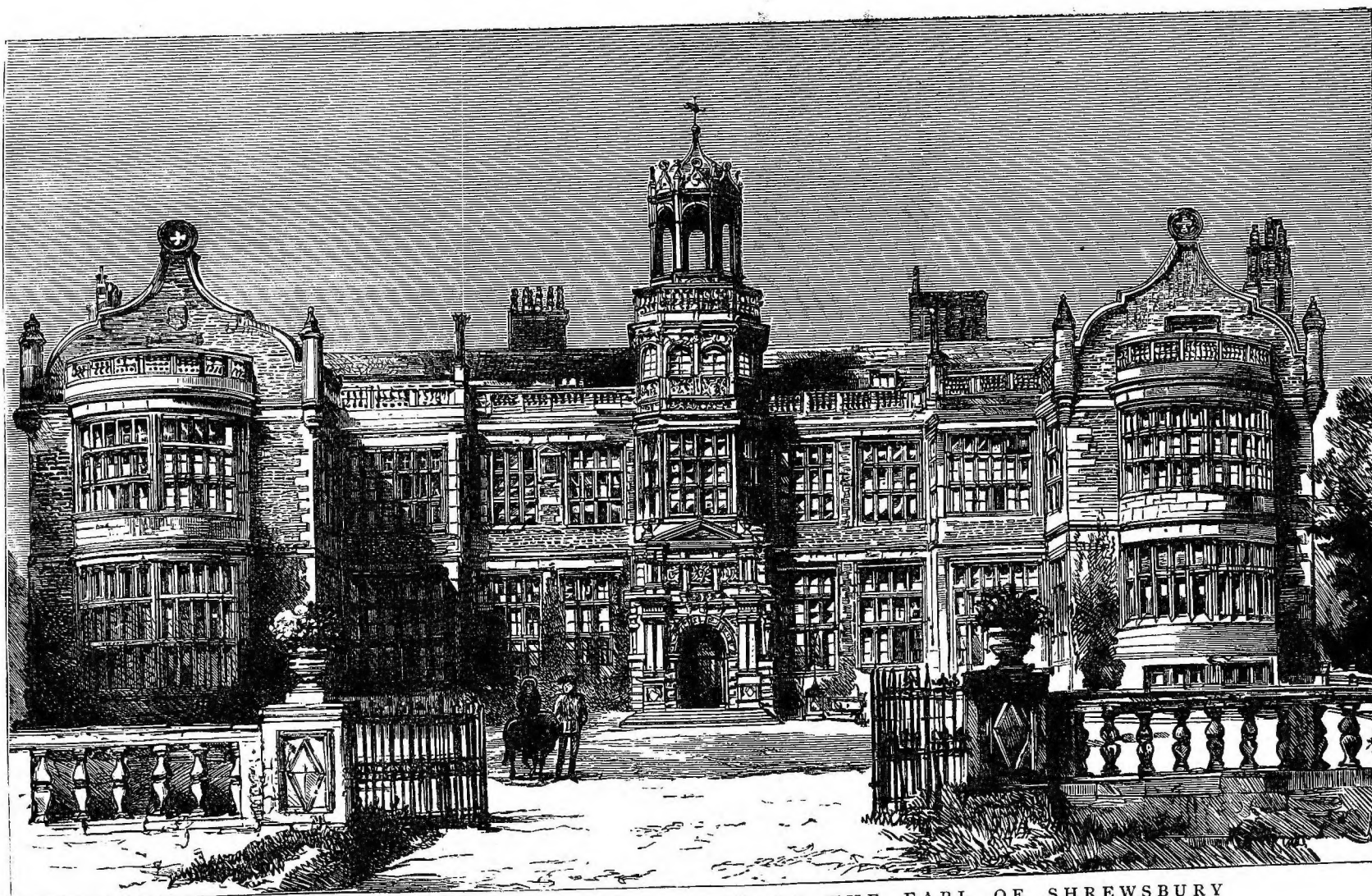
THE WRECK OF H.M.S. "PHOENIX" OFF PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND, SEPTEMBER 12, 1882



THE BALFE MEMORIAL TABLET IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY



THE NAWAB OF BHAWALPUR
Who Recently Offered to Send a Detachment of Troops for Service in Egypt with the British Army



INGESTRE HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE, SEAT OF THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY
DESTROYED BY FIRE, OCT. 12

The tablet is of pure white Carrara marble. On the lower panel is the inscription:—"Michael William Balfe. Born in Dublin, the 15th of May, 1808, died at Rowney Abbey, Hertfordshire, the 20th of October, 1870." On the moulding below are the words:—"Knight of the Legion of Honour of France," "Commander of the Order of Charles III., of Spain." Resting on the top of the panel is an oval medallion portrait of Balfe. On one side of the medallion are shown books of the scores of the *Talisman* and the *Bohemian Girl*. On the other side may be seen the ends of some musical instruments of the oboe type, and a page of a music book, opened at random as it were, at the song in the *Bohemian Girl*. The words exhibited convey their own application—

There may, perhaps, in such a scene
Some recollection be
Of days that once have happy been,
Then you'll remember me.

The tablet is the work of M. E. A. Malempré, the sculptor. It was to be unveiled on Thursday afternoon by Canon Duckworth.

THE NAWAB OF BHAHALPUR

BHAHALPUR is a State of North-Western India situated south-east of the Punjab and Scinde, forming an area of some 22,000 square miles, and containing a population of about half a million, composed of Juts of Hindoo descent, of Hindoos of recent settlement, of Beloochees, and of Afghans. The large admixture of the hardy mountaineers of the West causes the general inhabitants to differ considerably from the ordinary Hindoos—for they are bulky, sturdy, and dark-complexioned. The Nawab and the great majority of the people are Mahomedans, and the dominant race is generally known as Daudputrees, or Sons of David, having been first collected, it is supposed, by David, a man of note, though of the weaver caste, at Shikarpur, in Scinde, who, being driven thence, found refuge in the district. Bhawal Khan, one of his descendants, founded the capital, and called it after himself, Bhawalpur. His successors have ever been good friends to the British, and on the rising of Runjeet Singh the then Nawab tendered his allegiance to the British and solicited their protection. For his support in the wars in Scinde and Afghanistan the Nawab was rewarded in 1843 by an increase to his territory, and at the beginning of the Mooltan Rebellion, in 1848, he placed the whole of his forces at the disposal of the British Government, and his troops accomplished good work in conjunction with General Courtland and Captain Edwardes. The present ruler has shown himself no less willing to assist the British army with his soldiers, for on the formation of the Egyptian Expedition he at once offered a contingent of his troops for service in Egypt. His portrait, which we engrave, is from a photograph sent to us by Mr. Guest, of Calcutta, and we may call attention to the two large emeralds in his turban, which are $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep. His ancestors obtained them from Cabul when they plundered that city.

BURNING OF INGESTRE HALL

SINCE their marriage a few months ago, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury have resided at Alton Towers, which is about twenty miles from Ingestre. But as they were about to return to Ingestre, the Hall had been thoroughly cleaned and renovated, and large fires had been kept burning to air the rooms. As often happens in these old mansions, a beam under the hearth of the State Room took fire. A housemaid first gave the alarm at 5.15 A.M. on the morning of the 12th inst. At 6 A.M., when the Fire Brigade arrived from Stafford, the Hall was a mass of flames, lighting up the country for miles round. Some valuable paintings and old oak carved furniture was saved, but the silver, which was stowed in a safe in the cellar, could not be reached. The grand historical paintings on the staircase were all destroyed. The total loss is estimated at 100,000*l.*, which is partly covered by insurance. Lord Shrewsbury arrived on the scene about 11 A.M., and superintended the removal of the articles saved.

Ingestre Hall was the principal seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, and was situated in the midst of an extensive park, about four miles from Stafford. A hall was originally built on this spot in the reign of Edward III., but the edifice consumed last week was that which was rebuilt in the reign of Henry VIII., in the Tudor style of architecture, and again altered in 1676 by Walter Chetwynd, the well-known antiquary. In the Hall were stored many family heirlooms, valuable ancient portraits, and the majority of the old Talbot family paintings.—Our engraving is from a photograph by W. Tilley, 17, Gaolgate Street, Stafford.

"FIGHTING HIS BATTLES OVER AGAIN"

See pages 416 and 417.

"ON THE WAY HOME"

"We left Port Said at 4 A.M. Tuesday morning, on board the P. and O. steamship *Cathay*, getting a magnificent view of the comet as we steamed out of port, and bade farewell to the land of plagues. Reaching Brindisi at 4 P.M. Friday, we found that the three days' quarantine imposed on all ships coming from Egypt was still in full force. On signalling for a pilot, one appeared, but he would not venture nearer than three boats' length. The ship's doctor went on shore to show that the ship's bill of health was perfectly clean; but it was all of no use. We were told that we might either go on shore and spend three days, being fumigated in the Lazaretto, or we might go on in the ship, and work out the time between Brindisi and Venice.

"The mails were sent ashore in tarred bags,—even a small packet of letters, made up by passengers, being tarred all over, so that the address was barely legible. In vain did some energetic warriors, anxious to reach 'England, home, and beauty,' offer to be put into tarred sacks, or even to be tarred all over, if the authorities would only permit them to go with the mails. They were inexorable as Fate; and the disgust on board cannot be conceived, especially as we had among the passengers several officers coming from India on three months' leave. Later the doctor of the port and quarantine officers came to the top of the companion and, keeping as far off as they conveniently could, all the officers, passengers, crew, engineers, &c., marched past them twice; the Seedie boys from the engine-room and stoke-hole enjoying it immensely. Then two guards were put on board to accompany us to Venice, and see that none of us died *en route*. We had to hoist the yellow cholera or quarantine flag and the Italian flag, we being for the nonce under the protection of that Power. Guards also were to see that everything was moved in the hold, that sulphur was burnt down each hatchway, and all passengers' and crew's baggage and linen spread on deck and fumigated.

"As we left Brindisi, the P. and O. agent advised us to take care of the guards; and the junior officers did take care of them so effectually, that they were quite incapable of performing their duties,—a few bundles of lascar's clothes were placed on deck, but we were unmolested. We arrived off Venice at 6 A.M., but were not allowed to land till 4 P.M., the three days not expiring till that hour. Before we landed, another march past and inspection took place. Finally we got ashore, and found that more troubles awaited us: all the bridges between Venice and Milan had been swept away by floods; all time-tables were useless; and when we got a train at eight next morning, it had to cross most of the torrents on temporary timber bridges at less than a walking pace. At other places, notably at Ponte di Bienta, we had to leave one train, cross over on foot with our baggage and enter another train on the far

side. Numbers of tourists returning were almost as disgusted as ourselves. We got to Turin four hours late; and the rest of our journey went smoothly, *via* mail trains and the *Calais-Douvres*."

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 421.

VOLUNTEER SPORTS AT PORTSMOUTH

THE athletic sports in question occurred at the time of the Volunteer Review at Portsmouth last Easter.

1. The obstacle race picture shows only one of the obstacles—a row of tubs.
2. The prizes, under the charge of a sergeant, stand to the left.
3. Shows various *deshabille* costumes of the men during the games.
3. Is a band of nigger minstrels which performed in the streets and caricatured the military.

COUNTING THE BAG AT HALL BARN PARK

EIGHT or ten guns and the keeper's, especially when two or three of them are crack shots, with the aid of thirty or forty beaters, can give a very good account of themselves after a day's work in such capital and well-stocked covers as are to be found on the Hall Barn estate (Mr. Lawson's), where over 1,000 head of pheasants have been reared this season for the sport and delectation of his friends. It is only a pity that the owl, especially the horned owl, now becoming very scarce, is not spared, but on such occasions nearly all *fauna* indiscriminately meet their doom, for the excitement of the moment seems to bar the chance of mercy against any animal beyond the size of thrush and rat. After the occasion here represented, the last battue of the season, hen pheasants only will be shot; any gentleman at any subsequent shooting party paying a fine of half-a-sovereign to the head keeper who kills a "cock up," as they are familiarly termed, from their peculiar cry. There are a large number of pied pheasants this year.

THE BURMESE EMBASSY

THE recent Burmese Embassy to the Viceroy of India, which returned last month to Mandalay without having accomplished anything, started from the Burmese capital last April, being escorted to the place of embarkation with great ceremony by a detachment of cavalry equipped with gorgeously painted tin helmets, red coats, and black pants. The members of the Embassy were seated on richly caparisoned elephants, and the Royal letter was carried in state in a golden bowl. The object of the Embassy was to conclude a new treaty with the Viceroy of India, between whom and Burma diplomatic relations have been practically suspended of late years, owing to the eccentricities of King Theebaw. The chief of the Ambassadors, who bears the portentous name of Atwin Woon Kyouk Myouk Myo Ton Min, is described as intelligent and courteous, and it is said has lived several years in France and England. The Embassy arrived at Simla early in May, and at once paid a ceremonial visit to the Viceroy, and presented their credentials. Then commenced a long series of negotiations which at one time promised to have a favourable result. In August, however, they came to an abrupt termination, and the Ambassadors were recalled. According to official statements, it appears that the Burmese Government declined to ratify the draft of the Treaty offered by the Indian Government, which it was believed had been practically accepted by the Embassy. The chief points in dispute appear to be the adherence on our part to the provisions in the existing Treaty for a Residency guard and escort, as also our refusal to consent to fresh monopolies being created in addition to those already permitted by the present Treaty. Our relations with the Burmese King are eminently unsatisfactory, and will by no means be bettered by the utter failure of the recent negotiations.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Bombay, Simla, and Calcutta, and represents the Ambassadors in state uniform. Their ordinary costume is much more simple, being the ordinary Burmese dress, consisting of a white muslin jacket, with bright parti-coloured putsols, or petticoat, and the Court headdress of white muslin wound round the upper part of the head, below the topknot.

SKETCHES IN WESTERN SIBERIA

OUR sketches of Western Siberia illustrate more especially the lower parts of the River Obi, where are found the native Yuraki or Yurak Samoyedes, the Ostjaks, and a few Russian exiles. The Yuraki and Samoyedes wander about, clad in winter in reindeer-skins from head to foot, leaving exposed only a small portion of the face. They are excellent archers, and in hunting they still use the bow; fire-arms and powder being not yet easily within their reach. The women use a good deal of ornament on their dresses, in the shape of pieces of bright coloured cloth, whilst on their tresses, thrown behind, dangle a number of trinkets, as odd sometimes as the lock of a gun. Their *shamans* or priests cover their dresses with pieces of metal, which make a noise in their religious dances. They use also the magician's drum, which is found among the Laplanders. The Yuraki are among the least Christianised of the Siberian tribes. In many cases they transform the trunks of trees into idols. Among those furthest North, dogs are used for draught, and occasionally are allowed to come within the owner's habitation, but they are not affectionate animals, having to be ruled by fear rather than by love. The Russian exiles living on the Obi are not in confinement, but are placed in the villages to get their own living, or partly so. This they do by commerce, fishing, and hunting. They go about in winter on snow-shoes. Occasionally the better educated among the exiles find employment in teaching and in photography. Our sketches are engraved from photographs taken by an exile for Captain Wiggins, of Sunderland, who enjoys the honour of having led the way through the Straits of Kara before Baron Nordenskjöld, and of being the first to enter the Obi Gulf in a sea-going vessel. He was aided in his undertakings by Mr. Gardiner of The Temple, Goring, to whom we are indebted for the use of the photographs. Captain Wiggins, Mr. Oswald Cattley, and others have been making efforts to open up trade to and from the basin of the Obi. Mr. Lansdell in his recently issued "Through Siberia" says, "That the commercial value of the basin of the Obi, and a large part of Western Siberia, is not yet realised by European capitalists is the opinion of most of those I have met who have been there." He speaks of the Altai mountains as rich in silver, copper, and iron, and of a belt of black earth, 600 miles wide, like a vast tract of garden land, well suited for the production of wheat, oats, linseed, barley, and other cereals, and from which the inhabitants can easily obtain a great deal more corn than is needed for their consumption. Our illustration represents the Siberian method of ploughing, which, however, amounts to little more than scratching the surface.

HUNTING THE BLACK BUCK WITH CHEETAH

THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA owns a number of cheetahs trained for black buck hunting, and periodically invites his European friends to a hunt. Incidents at one of these entertainments are represented in our engraving.

The first shows a string of bullock carts forming an immense circle, in the centre of which the herd has been driven by the villagers and native horsemen. The guests, all seated in the vehicles provided, are enjoined not to talk or smoke if they want to see any sport, and the whole toil wearily round and round in a circle, getting nearer and nearer to the unsuspecting deer. As soon as a black buck is sighted

within some seventy or eighty yards the cheetah's chains and hood are removed, as shown in the second picture, and he is free to quit the cart. This he does very quietly, and trots up to within what he considers springing distance from the buck—say thirty yards, when, having gathered himself together, three bounds generally see him with his paw on the shoulders of the wretched buck, escape being impossible, as shown in sketch No. 3. The fourth picture, of "The Death," explains itself. The keepers now run up, and the chief difficulty is to get the cheetah off his prey. This is done by cutting the poor buck's throat and filling a wooden bowl with its blood; this being splashed about the cheetah's nose rather profusely makes him withdraw his teeth from the animal's throat and transfer them to the inside of the cup, when his hood being replaced as well as his chains he permits himself to be taken back to his cart, and the procession again starts for another deer.

OYSTER CULTURE AT ARCACHON

ARCACHON lies some thirty-five miles south of Bordeaux, on an inlet of the sea, called "Le Bassin d'Arcachon." This inlet is many miles in length and breadth, and is entered by a difficult and dangerous passage from the Bay of Biscay. Arcachon is famous for its pine forests, which, together with its remarkably dry and equable climate, have a most beneficial effect upon persons suffering chest or heart affections, or from overwork. But, perhaps, it is most noted for its oysters. These sketches were taken from a "ponton," belonging to one of the proprietors of an oyster "parc." An oyster "parc" is the name given to those enclosures, made of wattles and clay, in which the oysters are reared, and the "ponton" is a sort of house boat, where the guard sleeps, and where the various work of the "parc" is carried on. No. 3 is looking towards the town, where the spire of Notre Dame may be seen, and the pine forests, which bring so many invalids during the winter. On the right may be seen the lighthouse on the strip of land which separates the "bassin" from the sea. At the extreme point beyond the lighthouse is the entrance into the "bassin." In the foreground are just appearing, as the tide goes down, the tops of the oyster enclosures.

No. 1 represents the "parcs" as the tide gets lower. The spire of St. Ferdinand is seen towards the left, and still farther to the left round the bend is the Harbour of La Teste. No. 2 is taken when the tide was almost at its lowest. Looking across the "bassin" towards the west. The heap of tiles in the foreground are those which have just been scraped off the young oysters which, after being reared here, are taken to Colchester and elsewhere, to be turned out as "natives." These tiles are covered with plaster and placed in the water, supported by sticks driven into the sand. The oyster spat adheres to the plaster, which after a time is easily scraped off; the baby oysters, plaster and all, are put into baskets and washed in the water, which removes a great part of the plaster. The young oysters are then placed in cradles or boxes with wire bottoms, which are covered with netting to protect them from gulls, ray fish, and crabs, their great enemies. After remaining in the cradles a certain time, they are spread over the "parc" ready to receive them, much in the same manner as gravel is distributed. When two years old they are sold, to be taken to the feeding-grounds in England and France. The baby oysters when just removed from the tiles are sold at about a shilling a thousand; when two years old they fetch about 2*l.* a thousand. The trouble, care, and expense of oyster culture is great, and involves much risk.

No. 4 represents a group of two men and two women scraping the tiles, and two girls, called *parceuses*, brushing and cleaning some of the cradles from the seaweed which clings to them, preparatory to being used again. The costume of the *parceuses* is peculiar, but very suitable to their work, and highly picturesque. It consists usually of red knickerbockers, with either a dark or blue jacket. Either fishing-boots are worn, or they go barefoot.

"HOME AGAIN!"

ALTHOUGH it is the business of soldiers to fight, still nowadays war comes with comparative rarity, and so it is usually a sudden and exceptional incident to be ordered on active service. Apart, therefore, from the risk of life and limb, which a soldier naturally accepts as a necessary consequence of his profession, he has many unaccustomed hardships to encounter. To the officers, the experiences of the recent campaign in Egypt must have come more as a shock than to the men, who mostly belong to classes who all their lives are obliged to rough it. And many of these officers were men of wealth and rank, accustomed to and even exacting of every luxury at home. Perhaps it was a good lesson for them to find themselves in a position where a morsel of hard cheese and a drink of ill-smelling water were coveted luxuries; at all events, they appear to have borne their troubles, intensified as they were by heat and insect worries, good-humouredly and cheerfully. And now those who survived to return have their reward. Note can better appreciate than this still feeble convalescent, surrounded as he is by loving and gentle relatives, the magic of Home, Sweet Home!

RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—SKETCHES IN ADVANCE

SOME of our gallant heroes, who would sooner march up to a loaded cannon than make a public speech, are possibly dreading the banquets, including presentations of swords and civic freedoms in gold boxes which hospitable mayors and aldermen are inevitably preparing for them. Let us hope, at all events, that they will say nothing in their speeches which afterwards they would wish unsaid; and that the municipal dignitaries in question will not flatter their gallant guests so grossly as to make them feel ashamed of themselves.

Then the ladies, Heaven bless 'em, who, from nursery maids upwards, are always fond of the military, will do their best or their worst to turn the hero's head. What is the hero to do when a charming and fascinating woman insists on his fighting his battles over again for her especial benefit?

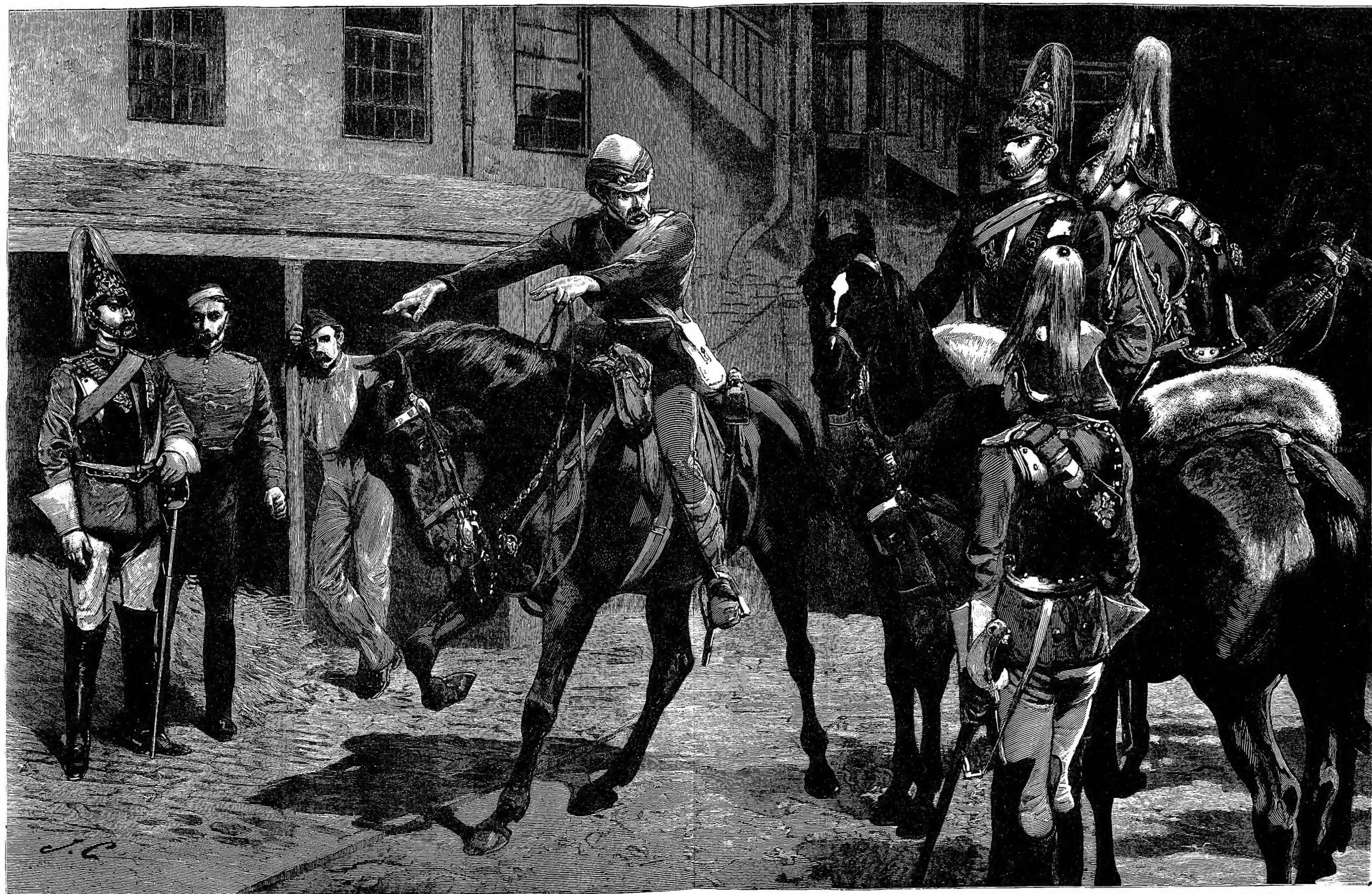
The artist is, perhaps, rather hard on Mr. Plush, who has been a butt for satire ever since Thackeray began girding at him. He himself follows, it may be granted, a somewhat effeminate occupation, though not more effeminate than that of clerks or haberdashers' shopmen. But we doubt if he would despise the returned warriors because of their tanned complexions. He is more likely to envy them, if only because of the magnetic influence of their bronzed faces on susceptible housemaids and parlour-maids. And the chances are, being a tall, strapping fellow, that he himself has a brother in the ranks.

The other sketches explain themselves, but let not the reader omit to notice "But don't forget these or those," namely, the lower extremities of the cripples, widows, and orphans.

THE RAPID INCREASE OF NERVOUS MALADIES amongst Americans is causing considerable anxiety in Transatlantic medical circles. Of late years a whole generation of nervous invalids has sprung into existence, ranging from simple irritability to fully developed insanity, and due to the high-pressure rate of existence in the present day. American life, both business and social, is too crowded, and from the highly-educated child to the mere pleasure-seeker, and the hard-working business man, each undertakes too much, thus over-taxing the mental powers, and wasting the strength required to struggle against the cares and troubles which are inseparable from existence.



LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,563 deaths were registered against 1,422 during the previous seven days, a rise of 141, being 94 above the average, and at the rate of 20·9, while they exceeded the rate in any week since the middle of last April. These deaths included 78 from scarlet fever (an increase of 7), 4 from small-pox (a rise of 1), 24 from measles (a decline of 1), 26 from diphtheria (an increase of 4), 23 from whooping cough (a fall of 7), 3 from typhus (a rise of 1), 26 from enteric fever (a decline of 2), 48 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 20), and 2 from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 302 (of which 175 were attributed to bronchitis, and 75 to pneumonia), being an increase of 49, and exceeding the average by 26. Different forms of violence caused 62 deaths, 53 were the result of negligence or accident, 4 were cases of suicide. There were 2,477 births registered against 2,467 during the previous week, being 132 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 54·1 deg., and 2·2 deg. below the average.



"FIGHTING HIS BATTLES OVER AGAIN—DESCRIBING THE CHARGE TO HIS COMRADES"

DRAWN BY J. CHARLTON

SOME CHILD WHO, PASSING, PAUSES WITH HIS HOOP,
MIGHT GUESS THIS MAN THE HUMBLEST OF THE GROUP;
FOR SOLDIERS SHOULD, HE THINKS, BE SMARTLY DRESSED,
AND THIS SEEMS LESS A SOLDIER THAN THE REST.

THE LISTENING MEN KNOW BETTER, AS THEY SCAN
WITH SEARCHING GAZE THIS SUNBURNT, SHABBY MAN,
AND SO, WITH GLISTENING EYES AND KEEN DELIGHT,
DRINK IN THE STORY OF KASSASSIN FIGHT.

HE TELLS HIS TALE IN HOMELY BRITISH FASHION,
WITH GESTURES FEW, AND NO EXALTED PASSION;
TELLS HOW HIS COMRADES PUT THE FOE TO ROUT,
AS THOUGH THERE WAS NOT MUCH TO BRAG ABOUT.

AS IT HAD BEEN SOME FRIENDLY MATCH OF SKILL,
WHERE MUTUAL COMBATANTS BEAR NO ILL-WILL:—
SO MODESTLY HE FIGHTS HIS BATTLES O'ER,
HE PROVES HIMSELF A HERO ALL THE MORE.

A. L.

FOREIGN

EGYPT is now absorbed in the coming trial of Arabi and his accomplices, which is postponed from day to day owing to the difficulty respecting the employment of foreign counsel. While the British Government affirm that an English defender for Arabi is absolutely necessary to ensure an impartial trial, the Egyptian authorities argue with some reason that not only would such a course be distinctly contrary to the law of the country, but that a foreigner would be hampered alike by his ignorance of Egyptian customs and procedure, and by the trial being conducted in Arabic. Either, say they, let the prisoners be handed over to the British altogether to deal with after their own fashion, or permit the Egyptian Government to conduct the case according to national usage. Not however, that the native lawyers are particularly willing to defend the rebels, for those selected for the prisoners not only refused to act, but quickly left the country. Thus for the present there is a deadlock, as Riaz Pasha and his colleagues seem inclined to resign rather than give way, while the dispute has aroused so much bad feeling that Sir E. Malet has requested that all further negotiations on the subject may be kept secret till the matter is settled. Nevertheless, while awaiting the final arrangements, Arabi and his fellow-prisoners have undergone several preliminary examinations, which according to an English witness were conducted with perfect impartiality. Though bearing signs of anxiety, and looking "old, gaunt, and almost unrecognisable," Arabi appeared cool and dignified—very different from his colleagues, who cringed before the Powers that be, and loudly proclaimed their devotion to the Khédive, averring that they had been forced into rebellion. Nor did Arabi scruple to bring forward plentiful excuses. He maintains that he simply followed out the Khédive's orders to defend Alexandria, and that he was quite ready to submit when Tewfik announced that the war was over, and dismissed him from his post. Then, however, the National Council at Cairo—the actual Government—bade him continue the resistance, declaring that the Khédive was not to be obeyed, and he accordingly complied, though feeling the cause hopeless. He did not expect England to triumph so quickly, but rather than escape, as he might have done after Tel-el-Kebir, he persuaded Toulba to join in the surrender, believing that England would treat her prisoners with the honours of war. All the prisoners protest strongly against being examined on the charges previous to the June riots, declaring that the Khédive had granted a full pardon up to that period. So far Arabi's attitude has produced a somewhat favourable impression; nevertheless, educated Egyptians and the European community are persuaded that leniency would be a grievous mistake, producing a most evil effect. There can be no doubt that the delay of the trial has already been construed as weakness by the natives, who in general possess a very hazy idea of England's position towards the rebellion, and believe that she is now yielding to the Sultan's influence. Indeed, in many parts of the interior the natives still think that Arabi has come to terms with the English, so that considerable excitement continues. Signs of agitation still occur, even in Alexandria, while several further executions have taken place.

Cairo, meanwhile, is speeding the parting guest by offering entertainments to the British chiefs. Sir Garnet Wolseley left Cairo on Thursday, and was to start for Trieste to-day (Saturday), while one by one the British regiments have departed, leaving only those necessary for the temporary occupation. Sir A. Alison holds the chief command, with General Graham and Major-General Earle as assistants, and Sir Evelyn Wood returns home, his Brigade feeling rather sore at having much hard work and comparatively little glory and recompense by being kept at Alexandria. Now Egypt is left to the work of reorganisation, civil and military, and Baker Pasha is busy with his plans for the army. He proposes a total strength of 10,000 men, half the regiments being officered by English and half by natives, and his plan will probably be adopted, although the Khédive would prefer mixing the officers in each regiment. This mixed plan, too, is favoured for the Bench, where it is suggested to admit a certain number of foreign Judges to seats in the native Courts. None of these measures will be definitively decided upon until they have been submitted to the British Government, and probably subsequently to the Great Powers. Still the recruiting for the army has already begun, while it is suggested to import Indian Coolies to replace native military servants. The financial position is sadly involved, owing more to the bad management of the past few months than the actual loss entailed by the rebellion; and it has been arranged to defer to December the payment of all bills due in June. Great anxiety is felt respecting the fate of Professor Palmer, Captain Gill, and Lieutenant Charrington, who have been missing since August. They left Suez for the Desert to buy camels for the army, and to propitiate the Bedouins, and as nothing has been heard of the party it is feared that they have been murdered. Energetic search is being made, and the Consul at Jerusalem has gone to interview the Emir of the Teyaha, head of the tribe, empowered to offer a ransom if the travellers are still living.

While Egyptian affairs are still regarded with the same interest by all Continental Powers, the flood of talk on the subject has somewhat lessened within the last week. TURKEY is inclined to be much more satisfied with the situation; and while looking with considerable anxiety to Arabi's trial lest compromising disclosures should be made, has replied to Lord Dufferin's late Note by announcing her willingness to enter on fresh negotiations for a satisfactory settlement of the Egyptian question. She asks, however, that the negotiations should be based on a recognition of the Sultan's sovereignty and the Treaty of 1841, and should further arrange for the speedy withdrawal of the British troops. For the present the Sultan is swayed by his Premier, who is more anxious to introduce much-needed reforms at home than to quarrel abroad, and has accordingly drawn up a fresh programme of changes; but there are grave signs of dissension in the Cabinet, which point to the fall of the present Ministry. Both GERMANY and AUSTRIA's susceptibilities have been somewhat hurt by recently British political speeches on Egyptian affairs, but the Berlin Press are fast changing their tone in obedience to Prince Bismarck's sentiments, and already have begun to flatter the English. France is as discursive and as divided as ever. The ridiculous side of the question has been furnished by M. Victor Hugo, who now appears as a defender of Arabi with one of his most high-flown rhapsodies, seizing the opportunity to inveigh against the death-penalty, and by an absurd detailed account in the *Idéaliste* of the bribery used to ensure victory at Tel-el-Kebir. Reasonable journals are still preaching disinterestedness to England, the *Republique Française* searching for fresh arguments in favour of the Joint Control, while the *Temps* speaks in support of a Mixed Ministry. The announcement that the French Controller-General has gone to Cairo is regarded as a hopeful sign that France is not altogether shut out from a share in Egyptian affairs.

In FRANCE proper the Royalist effervescence continues to burst out at intervals, taking advantage of the general absorption of other political parties in foreign affairs. Not only has there been another Legitimist banquet, at which loyal emblems were so numerous that even the potatoes were cut into *fleurs-de-lis*; but Henri V. has condescended to express his sentiments on government to an

enthusiastic Royalist reporter, announcing that he would maintain the Upper House and universal suffrage, and would destroy the present crying evil of official candidature. Still, notwithstanding the recent revival of Legitimist energy, the country at large refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, and the subject is regarded with as much indifference by the majority of the people as by the wisely tolerant Government. This state of home political quietude, which has lasted unusually long for France, will soon end, for the Chambers meet about November 6, when in all probability the Ministry will submit their programme. Just now the Government is chiefly occupied with the reception of the Madagascar Embassy, now in Paris; and with suppressing the anti-Clerical disturbances at Monceau-les-Mines, which have broken out again with fresh energy, although the village is strongly occupied by troops. The rioters attempted unsuccessfully to blow up a convent school, and the whole district is in a state of uproar, threatening letters and revolutionary placards abounding. Originally commencing with a mining strike, the riots are now evidently fostered by the famous Internationale, one of whose leaders has just been arrested, and by this capture the movement now promises to collapse. Much discussion has been aroused by the lately-published correspondence in the British Blue Book respecting the Channel Tunnel. In general the French greatly deride the arguments brought against the tunnel, and industriously point out the advantages which would accrue to both countries by the execution of the project.

PARIS has been going over afresh the horrible details of the Fenayrou trial, lately quashed through some small technicality. The present jury have been more lenient than their predecessors, and have acquitted the brother Lucien, who was a plain accomplice in the murder, while commuting the death sentence of the chief offender to penal servitude for life.—A more pleasant topic is the opening of two International Conferences to study respectively the question of electric unities and the protection of submarine cables.—There has been one dramatic novelty—*Le Truc d'Arthur*, by MM. Chivot and Duru, one of those absurd imbroglis in which the Palais Royal delights.

ITALY.—The coming elections are awakening unusual interest amongst politicians, these being the first held under the new Reform Bill. By this measure many restrictions hitherto bearing heavily on the electors are removed, and in particular the amount of taxes necessary to constitute an elector has been considerably lessened, while M. Gambetta's darling scheme of *scrutin de liste* is in full force. As usual, the Clericals have strongly warned all good Catholics against voting, while the majority of the people show their customary apathy on the subject. After the Premier's important speech of last week follows the declaration of the Opposition leader, who plainly announces his intention to support the Ministry against the Republicans and Socialists. Signor Minghetti cannot approve of Italy not co-operating with England in Egypt, but for the present reserves his criticisms. Pope Leo, when receiving some French pilgrims, has given them a severe rebuke on the dangerous want of unity among Gallic Catholics. In the present time of peril to the Church all minor differences should be avoided, and implicit obedience paid to the Bishops—a reproof to those who have disagreed with the conciliatory policy practised in France by the Pope.

GERMANY.—Here, also, the elections are the main topic, for on Thursday the constituencies were to select the electors on whom devolves the ultimate choice of Deputies. The elections proper take place on Sunday week, and the Opposition count on a decided gain. The nomination of Count Hatzfeldt, lately Ambassador at Constantinople, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Prussian Minister of State is looked upon as a most important appointment. In many well-informed circles the Count is considered as eventually the probable successor of Prince Bismarck, with whom he is a great favourite, and who once described him "as the best horse in the stable." Count Hatzfeldt is one of the few of Prince Bismarck's subordinates who are occasionally permitted to act on their own judgment. Following the tradition of the Royal House for 150 years, Prince William, as heir to the throne, has entered the Prussian Civil Service, in order to acquire a complete knowledge of all branches of his future Government. Germany is preparing for a series of jubilees. The Crown Prince and Princess's silver wedding will be kept next January, while Count Moltke celebrates next month his eighty-third birthday and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his tenure of office of Chief of the General Staff.—The Grand Duke of Baden has resumed the direction of his Government after a year's absence from illness.

INDIA will celebrate the return from Egypt of the Indian Contingent with great festivity. Bombay will give the chief ovation, and large subscriptions are being collected. Meanwhile the Bombay and the Head Government have come to grief over the Viceroy's favourite plan of local self-government, Bombay refusing to approve the scheme. This refusal has led to a severe reproof from headquarters.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In AUSTRIA fresh inundations have occurred in the Southern Tyrol, owing to a dyke having given way. The constant recurrence of these floods has at last moved the Government to action, and a Commission is to be sent to the district to study the diversion of the current of the overflowing rivers, and prevent them from choking up the valleys. A straightforward circular respecting colonisation in Bosnia has been issued by the Government, who point out that at present the finances of the province are not sufficiently good to allow of any State support to immigrants, while further, the Government cannot as yet grant any land.—SWITZERLAND is greatly vexed at the rough treatment of passengers on the St. Gothard Railway by the Italian Custom House officers on the frontier, who search all travellers most rigorously to prevent the extensive smuggling which goes on from Canton Tessin. Fresh earthquake shocks have been felt, while last month the weather was so bad that heavy rain fell on twenty-eight out of thirty days.—Continuing his series of Royal visits, King Milan of SERBIA has visited Prince Alexander of BULGARIA at Rustchuk, receiving bread and salt from the Metropolitan, and being greeted with great festivities.—The cold season has set in very early in RUSSIA, and navigation has been stopped in several places. The only home news is the trial of a batch of anti-Jewish rioters, who have been imprisoned since last Easter, and have been condemned to various terms of punishment. The chief interest centres in Central Asia, where various tribes are being induced to settle in Russian territory. Thus the Tarajjis, in Kuldja, are coming across the frontier, and are being protected by the Cossacks from Chinese predatory raids, while a number of Tekkés from beyond Merv are hovering on the Afghan frontier, anxious to become Muscovite vassals. Here, too, the Russians are shielding some rebellious tribes against the Governor of Afghan-Turkestan, and disturbances are expected, while Russia's protecting influences are feared by PERSIA, owing to the Sheik Obeidullah, who lately escaped from Constantinople, having appealed to the Kurds to rise against the Shah. A large Russian force is quartered in the neighbourhood, but Turkey intends to send troops to Persia's assistance.—In the UNITED STATES there has been a riot among the Russian Jewish emigrants at New York, and the Aid Society have announced that no more refugees can be received. General Grant states that he does not intend to take any part in politics.—In SOUTH AFRICA the small-pox epidemic is abating, and the Basuto expedition against Masupha has failed. Colonel Gordon's resignation was due to the Ministry disapproving the terms he offered to Masupha.

THE COURT

THE QUEEN will leave Balmoral on November 16, according to present arrangements, returning to Windsor on Friday morning, November 17. On Saturday Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse, drove to the Gelder Shiel, and in the evening the Marquis and Marchioness of Hamilton dined with the Queen. On Sunday Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duchess of Connaught, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse, attended Divine Service at the Castle. The Rev. W. W. Tulloch, B.D., Minister of Maxwell Church, Glasgow, officiated, and subsequently dined with Her Majesty. It is announced that the Queen intends to summon the principal officers of the Egyptian Campaign to Court, that she may personally thank them for the services they have rendered to the country. During Her Majesty's absence several improvements have been made in Windsor Castle. In the Hall of the North entrance at George IV.'s Tower, facing the Castle slopes, the machinery for generating the electricity, with which a portion of the interior of the Palace is to be experimentally illuminated, has already been placed in position on the East side of the apartment; the engine will be stationed outside the tower on the walk of the North Terrace. The walk on the North side of the Western Approach is being asphalted from the gateway at the bottom of the Castle Hill to St. George's Gate at the Palace.

The Prince of Wales, together with the young Princes, arrived at Ouchy on Friday, and was present at the performances of an Italian conjuror in the dining-room of the hotel. The Prince returned to Paris on Saturday, and visited M. Grévy. M. Gambetta was received by the Prince, the Grand Duke Vladimir calling afterwards. On Monday the Prince breakfasted with the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir at the Hotel Bristol. On Tuesday the Prince went shooting at Lagny, and afterwards witnessed M. Barrière's comedy, *Tête de Linotte*, at the Vaudeville Theatre. The Prince left Paris on Thursday. The Princess of Wales drove on Saturday to see the London and Ascot Convalescent Hospital at Ascot, and walked through the wards. On Sunday the Princess and the young Princesses attended Divine Service, and the following day went to Madame Tussaud's galleries. On Tuesday the Princess visited the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Eastwell Park, returning to Marlborough House in the evening, while next day the Duke and Duchess and Prince Louis of Battenberg lunched with the Princess. The Prince and Princess and their daughters were expected at Sandringham at the close of the present week, where they will remain till the end of January.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went to the Haymarket Theatre on Wednesday, and on Thursday were present at the Bristol Musical Festival, of which the Duke is the President. On Friday (yesterday), the Duke and Duchess were to go to Plymouth to lay the foundation stone of the old Eddystone Lighthouse on the Hoe.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany left Balmoral last week, and went to Glasgow, where they were the guests of Sir Archibald Campbell at Blythwood. The Duke and Duchess opened the School of Art Needlework, and the Corporation bestowed the Freedom of the City upon the Duke. They left Glasgow on Tuesday.—Prince Henry of Prussia arrived at Plymouth on Sunday, and remained there a few days.

CHURCH NEWS

THE HEALTH OF THE PRIMATE continues to improve, although recovery is necessarily slow.

THE MARRIAGE at the Hackney Registry Office of William Bramwell Booth, eldest son of the "General," to Miss Florence Eleanor Soper, daughter of Dr. Soper, of Blaina, Monmouthshire, was followed, as had been announced, by a wedding service in the Clapton Congress Hall, which was well attended, notwithstanding a charge of one shilling for admittance. Both bride and bridegroom solemnly pledged themselves to "constant self-sacrifice for the salvation of the world," and the Rev. Mr. Ryder, of the Church of England, pronounced a blessing upon their union. The "General" expressed his belief that when he himself had passed away, his "chief of the staff" would carry on the undertaking on its present lines. If it was not so carried on the sooner it died the better. Among members of more regular Church bodies the Army continues to be variously judged. Bishop Ryle thanked God the other day at Liverpool for the good work it was doing among the most degraded. On the other hand, the Bishop of Peterborough has told his clergy that if they could only attract the masses by irreverence they had better begin by burning their Bibles. In that book there was no irreverence, and yet it described the greatest mission work that had been ever done. "General" Booth has informed a friend that the Army has been working for the last two years in Ireland. "Up to the present we have only touched the northern portion of the country, but we hope soon to extend our operations southwards."

DR. BEWICK, the new Roman Catholic Bishop of Newcastle, was consecrated on Wednesday, at St. Mary's Cathedral, by Cardinal Manning, assisted by the Archbishop of Glasgow and the Bishop of Leeds: Dr. Ullathorne, Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, the sole survivor, besides Dr. Cornthwaite, of the first English Bishops of Pio Nono's creation, lies dangerously ill at Oscott College.

THE LIST has been published of successful candidates in the Scripture Examinations for admission into Church Training Colleges. Out of 1,284 male candidates 342 failed, and only 166 out of 1,962 females. Eighty-six of the young men passed in the first-class, and 263 of the young women. The number of successful School Board candidates was remarkable.

A REQUEST to FOUND AN ANNUAL SERMON at one of our Universities has for some time been going begging. Not long ago the Rev. N. P. Lushington-Pilson bequeathed 1,000*l.* to the University of Oxford for the payment of a yearly sum to a preacher, chosen by the University authorities, of Evangelical views and an A.M. of at least ten years' standing, for two sermons annually on the past history of the Jews and the prophecies concerning their restoration. If Oxford refused, the offer was to be made to Cambridge. Oxford refused a short time back, and now the Council of the Senate has recommended Cambridge to do likewise. A general meeting of the Senate will be held on Friday.

THE MEETING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION AT BRISTOL came to a close with an address from Dr. Allon and a Union Communion Service at Redland Park Church. The most interesting feature of its closing days was the presentation of an address of Christian fellowship from a deputation of some forty clergymen of the Church of England, headed by the Dean of Bristol and the

head-master of Clifton College. In connection with the alleged homage of British troops to the Sacred Carpet—a matter which has excited much indignation among Nonconformist and Evangelical bodies generally—a letter was read from Lord Granville to Mr. Newman Hall, expressing his belief that the troops attended, as they do in India, only to keep order and to pay honour to the Chief of the State.

THE FOUR OPEN SPACES IN THE ALTAR OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, facing the Choir, have been filled in with enamelled mosaic designs of four angels on a background of gold, after the celebrated paintings of Fra Angelico at Venice. The mosaics have been presented by Canon Pearson, and have been executed by the Venice and Murano Glass and Mosaic Company.

IN CONTINUANCE OF A CUSTOM which has been observed for 250 years, the annual "Lion Sermon" was preached last Monday at the Church of St. Katherine Cree, and St. James's, Leadenhall Street, by the Rev. Dr. Whittemore. The Sermon was founded by Sir John Mayer, some time Lord Mayor of London, to commemorate his escape, through falling on his knees in prayer, when suddenly confronted by a lion in Arabia.

CANON LIDDON has resigned the Ireland Professorship of Exegesis at the University of Oxford, and will at once take in hand his anxiously-expected "Life of Dr. Pusey."

FIFTY-FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS have been subscribed up to the present date towards the new Cathedral at Truro, and 57,000*l.* expended. The architect now recommends the immediate commencement of the north transept, a work which will cost some 5,000*l.* additional.

BALFE

PERHAPS no composer for the stage has ever retained a firmer hold upon the British public during a long series of years than Michael William Balfe. Born in Dublin on the 15th of May, 1808, he, almost in his nonage, exhibited so strong a bias for music that his parents, themselves musical, instead of opposing, as too many are apt to do, their children's early prepossessions, strove their best to encourage it; and, as the result showed, with wise foresight—for Balfe rose to high eminence in his calling, and won a repute which may fairly be styled "European." Even in Dublin, when studying with his first master O'Rourke (Rooke, the composer of *Amelie*) and later on, in London, when Charles Horn (composer of "Cherry Ripe" and so many popular songs—an excellent musician in all respects) took him in charge, he exhibited remarkable aptitude, combined with not less remarkable facility, obtaining such notice from all sides as could only point to future distinction. While still in his teens he attracted the attention of Count Mazzara, an enthusiastic amateur, who with little difficulty persuaded our young musician to accompany him to Italy as a friend. On their way they made a brief sojourn in Paris, where Balfe was presented by the Count to the venerable Cherubini, who received him with unusual kindness. Greatly charmed with his singing, playing, and reading at sight, Cherubini offered him gratuitous instruction and advice providing that he fixed his residence in the French capital. Such a proposition from "the stern Florentine" was not to be despised. Nevertheless, unwilling to part company with his generous patron, or perhaps too willing to see all that was to be seen and hear all that was to be heard in Italy, the country of his dreams, Balfe declined the offer with many thanks, and ultimately we find him in Rome, domiciled at the Villa Mazzara with the Count and family. Here he remained for nearly a year, pursuing his studies meanwhile under Ferdinando Paer, composer of *Agnes* and many other operas of wide popularity in their day. From Rome Balfe went to Milan, where he composed his first work for the stage—a ballet founded on the French story of *La Perouse*, produced with marked success at the Scala, then under the management of Mr. Glossop, also manager of the San Carlo, Naples. Soon after this, however, he left Milan and returned to Paris, where he resumed his acquaintance with Cherubini, with whom he now began to study seriously, and who introduced him to Rossini, afterwards his staunchest friend. Though he had already achieved a certain fame as a composer, it was Balfe's most ardent desire to become a singer; and the latter illustrious composer, at that time "Inspecteur Général du Chant de France," was precisely the man to forward his views. This Rossini did, advising him first to study for a certain period under Bordogni. Before the expiration of the stipulated term, Balfe appeared at the Théâtre des Italiens as Figaro, in the *Barbier de Séviglia* (the Rosina being the famous Sontag), with such unanimous approval that Laurent, the director of the Italiens, entered into an engagement with him for three years. Subsequently he undertook the principal barytone characters in quick succession—among others that of Don Giovanni, which earned for him most credit of all. At the suggestion of Rossini he now began to devote more serious attention to composition, first writing additional music to Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta*, next setting a libretto founded upon Chateaubriand's *Atala*. The first of these was performed and much applauded; but *Atala*, in consequence of illness, being temporarily laid aside, though finished later on, was never produced. On his second visit to Milan, Balfe, furnished with a letter from Rossini, called upon the Duke de Canizario, whose influence procured him an engagement as leading barytone at Palermo, which he joyfully accepted. He was persuaded, however, by the Marquis Sampieri, whose acquaintance he had made in Paris, to take Bologna on the way, and be his guest. The first entertainment to which the Marquis conducted Balfe was a *soirée*, which brought him in contact with Giulia Grisi, at that time in the prime of her youth and beauty. They soon became friends, and their duet singing was the delight of all musical circles. The attractions of Bologna generally, indeed, were such that the Sicilian engagement for the time slipped out of memory, and Balfe did not reach Palermo until several days after he was due. At that period, under a despotic rule, he might have been consigned to a State prison during the King's pleasure; but matters being set right through the solicitation of powerful friends, the director, Sommatino, instead of taking advantage of his legal claim, allowed the young Irish barytone to make his *adieu* as Valdeburghio in Bellini's opera, *La Straniera*, which pleased so much that it was given continually throughout the season. At Palermo, in consequence of a strike among the chorus singers, the theatre must have closed had not Balfe, out of gratitude for the leniency extended towards him by Sommatino at a dangerous crisis, volunteered to compose for him an opera in which no chorus would be necessary. In this manner originated *I Rivali*, his next Italian opera, for the plot of which the poet accredited to the theatre had recourse to a French vaudeville luckily at hand. And by this timely aid the ante-Carnival season was brought successfully to an end. No more need be recorded of our composer's further achievements in Italy, except the one important fact that in the Carnival season of 1830-31 he went on professional business to Bergamo, where he became acquainted with Mdlle. Lina Roser, afterwards the attached and constant partner of his life.

Balfe's career in this country need not be dwelt upon at length, the details being familiar to all who interest themselves in operatic matters. With the *Siege of Rochelle*, brought out under Alfred Bunn at Drury Lane Theatre in the autumn of 1835, he at once established his position; he "rose the next morning and found himself famous." His second English work, the *Maid of Artois*, composed expressly for the celebrated Malibran, and produced at the same theatre in May, 1836, confirmed the impressions created by its

precursor. The wonderful vocalisation and impressive acting of Malibran, for whom the composer had written his best, extorted boundless eulogy, while in addition to this, a ballad, entitled "The Light of Other Days," assigned to Henry Phillips, in which the cornet-pistons was employed for the first time in such a manner as to prove that in the hands of a "discreet" and skilful artist it could hold its own against the human voice itself, at once became and long remained the cherished melody of the town. No one knew better than Balfe how to turn to advantage such extraneous aids. But why go through the catalogue of operatic works, some twenty or more, with which in the course of nearly three decades Balfe poured forth melody after melody to charm not only the multitude who go forth to seek their pleasures, but those who love to enjoy them more placidly and contentedly at the family hearth? It is not necessary. All the operas of Balfe are more or less known to the majority of our amateurs, old and young. Which is his best, and which may be his least individually instructive work, who shall decide? Some will insist upon the *Maid of Honour*, some upon the *Bondman*, some upon *Satanella*, some upon the *Puritan's Daughter*, and each of these would probably have found (by no means a matter for surprise) a sympathetic echo in the composer's innermost conviction. On the other hand, it is not unlikely that an overwhelming majority would openly declare for the *Bohemian Girl*. An opera more obstinately tenacious of popularity was probably never written. Be this as it may, one who has produced so much and so well for the gratification of his compatriots, alike by his operas and his chamber-songs, is entitled to some special mark of distinction. His bust is placed in the National Gallery at Dublin, where he has also a memorial window in St. Patrick's Cathedral; but except the statue in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre, no token of esteem has been found for him in London. On Thursday, however, the twelfth anniversary of his death, this gap has been filled up, with the consent of the Dean of Westminster, at the earnest solicitation of many distinguished musicians and amateurs, by a memorial tablet placed in a prominent position in the Abbey, about the music and ceremonial connected with which we may speak in our next.

J. W. D.



THERE can be no great risk in predicting that *Much Ado About Nothing* will prove one of the most successful of all the revivals of plays of Shakespeare at the LYCEUM Theatre. In the beauty and appropriateness of the scenery, the richness and splendour of the costumes, and the taste and judgment exhibited in all the little details of stage management, it is in no wise inferior even to its splendid predecessor, *Romeo and Juliet*. But besides this, it shows Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and indeed the whole company—minus that excellent actress, Mrs. Stirling, for whom there is no part—to far greater advantage than did the tragic story of the Montague and the Capulet. Mr. Irving's Romeo was indeed to a certain degree successful, but the attempt could only be regarded as a *tour de force*. Though he is unquestionably a great actor, the courtly grace and elegant persuasiveness of Charles Kemble have not descended upon the shoulders of the present manager of the Lyceum, and hitherto he has not shone in parts which depend upon the delineation of the softer passions. On the other hand, a certain gallantry of bearing and picturesqueness of manner are assuredly among his qualifications, and these, joined with the touch of eccentric humour which is no less his, eminently fitted him for the part of Benedick. Still more happy are the opportunities afforded to Miss Ellen Terry by the character of the frolicsome, wayward, yet tender and high-spirited Beatrice—a part which she played some time since at the great theatre in Leeds, but which to her London admirers was in her person absolutely new. Accordingly all the scenes in which these twain appear are endowed with a brilliancy and freshness which can hardly have been excelled in the case of any of the long and illustrious roll of performers whose names are associated in stage history with those admirable creations. Garrick first appeared as Benedick at the age of thirty-three—the year before his marriage with Mdlle. Violette. If the traditions of the stage are to be trusted, this celebrated actor and the renowned Mrs. Pritchard were wont to exhibit themselves in the earlier scenes of this comedy as engaged in a sort of scolding match, in which the question was who should outscold, and thus assume importance over the other in the eyes of the audience. There is little of this either in Shakespeare or in the rendering of these scenes at the Lyceum. On the part of Mr. Irving there is indeed an occasional vehemence; but it is always accompanied by a humorous suggestion of half-conscious exaggeration. On the part of Miss Ellen Terry the natural sweetness and wholesomeness so to speak, of her tone and manner, guided by the actress's excellent taste, relieve even her sharpest utterances of all harshness, while the brightness of the whole performance wins the spectator to her side, and prepares one for the predestined end of their persistence in mutual banter. In the scene in the church, where Beatrice, in the warmth of her friendship, and the deep indignation that she feels at Claudio's cruel slander, urges her old antagonist, by every inditement that love and self-esteem can suggest to him, to vindicate the honour of Hero by challenging her truder, the acting of both performers reaches a far higher level; nor does it fail to move the audience in an extraordinary degree. Apart from all this, nothing is more noteworthy about this representation than the way in which it gives life and colour and due prominence—we had almost said for the first time—to those subordinate features—for subordinate they are, and ever must be—the plot of Don John and his tool, Borachio, and the chequered love of Claudio and Hero. Recalling many performances of this comedy in the past, we are yet unable to remember any previous occasion when this portion of the play was not felt to drag, inasmuch that the reappearance on the scene of Benedick and Beatrice was required to revive the drooping interest of the spectators. The moral of the Lyceum performance is that when men complain of the lack of acting qualities in this or that scene of one of Shakespeare's plays, they would do well to ask themselves whether they have ever seen an adequate rendering. The Hero at the Lyceum, it is true, is a novice, a young lady who though pleasing enough, is not yet skilled to give due variety and sincerity to her utterances, but her performance cannot certainly be said to be uninteresting; and as regards the numerous other performers in the wedding scene—the culminating point of the story—it would be difficult to conceive a more efficient interpretation. Mr. Forbes Robertson as the somewhat ungovernable and fickle Claudio plays here with genuine passion. Admirable, too, are the dignity of manner and the sonorous elocution of Mr. Mead in the part of the Friar, while Mr. Fernandez as Leonato is the very picture of paternal dignity and grief; and Mr. Terriss, who in the earlier scenes plays the part of the Prince of Aragon in a somewhat too boisterous and restless a fashion, here displays excellent self-restraint. Beyond question this portion of the play greatly interests the audience. "Star" performers, who foolishly dread the juxtaposition of other attractions, would do well to observe that so far from this general efficiency injuring, it greatly assists the effect of the scenes between the two principal performers. It has been said very justly that there was nevertheless some degree of risk in the fact that when

Mr. Irving and Miss Terry entered upon the famous colloquy in the cathedral, the audience had just been wrought to a pitch of excitement which is not easily maintained; but the later passages are the true climax of the scene, and they greatly depend for their truth upon the strength of the interest already awakened. If the love of Hero and Claudio, or the treacherous slander which had parted them and well-nigh consigned the innocent lady to the grave, were to awaken no deep sympathy, how, it may be asked, would it be possible to prevent Beatrice's outburst of indignation and resentment appearing forced and unreal? These observations may be extended to the other incidental scenes. Even the Governor's brother, Antonio, becomes in the hands of that excellent actor, Mr. Howe, by no means an unimportant factor in the story; there is no touch in the play, indeed, more truthful than the scene in which the two brothers—old men as they are—wax fierce in the presence of the unrepentant Claudio. In the little world of old Messina which is brought before our eyes so vividly these two greybeards seem to fall into their right place; and to give to the tale a more perfect finish. The humours of Dogberry are somewhat subdued in the hands of Mr. Johnson, as compared with the traditional representation of the character; but they nevertheless awaken much laughter; and the decrepid Verges is very artistically presented by Mr. Calhaem. The song, "Sigh no more, ladies," is sung with taste and with an excellent voice by Mr. J. Robertson. It may be assumed that no one who feels an interest in the stage will fail to see this charming revival. Mr. Irving has stated that it cannot unfortunately be performed for more than a limited number of nights, owing to other engagements which have already been announced.

A young American actress, Miss Calhoun, who appeared for the first time in England at the IMPERIAL Theatre on Saturday last, created a decidedly favourable impression. She played the part of Hester Grazebrook in *The Unequal Match*, and though in the lighter scenes she exhibited no very remarkable talents, she showed real power in the more serious and impassioned scene between Hester and her unscrupulous rival, Mrs. Montessor. Miss Calhoun, whose whim it is to walk thus closely in the footsteps of Mrs. Langtry, will appear this evening on the same stage in the character of Rosalind.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has left England to fulfil a rather extensive round of engagements in the United States. On his return he will not reappear at the Criterion, but with his company will take possession of a new theatre which is to be erected for that purpose forthwith in Northumberland Avenue.

On Wednesday *Money* was played for the hundredth time at the VAUDEVILLE, and, after the play was over, the company and other members of the staff presented Mr. T. Thorne, the manager, with a silver tea service, as a token of their high personal esteem.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday next, October 23rd, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain will revive the musical comedietta, by G. W. Godfrey and Lionel Benson, entitled *The Turquoise Ring*, and Mr. Corney Grain will produce, in the same evening, his new musical sketch, entitled *En Route*.

HOW TO LIVE ON A HUNDRED A YEAR

SOME years ago there was a discussion in the newspapers as to the possibility of a man's living on 300*l.* a year. A certain sad interest surrounds the mere reference to the controversy. To-day it is probable that no editor, having a conscientious regard for the disposition of his space, would permit the raising of such a question in his columns. It would be to as much useful purpose as if the discussion was upon the possibility of walking on the ceiling, or going from Charing Cross to Aldgate by skipping from lamp-post to lamp-post.

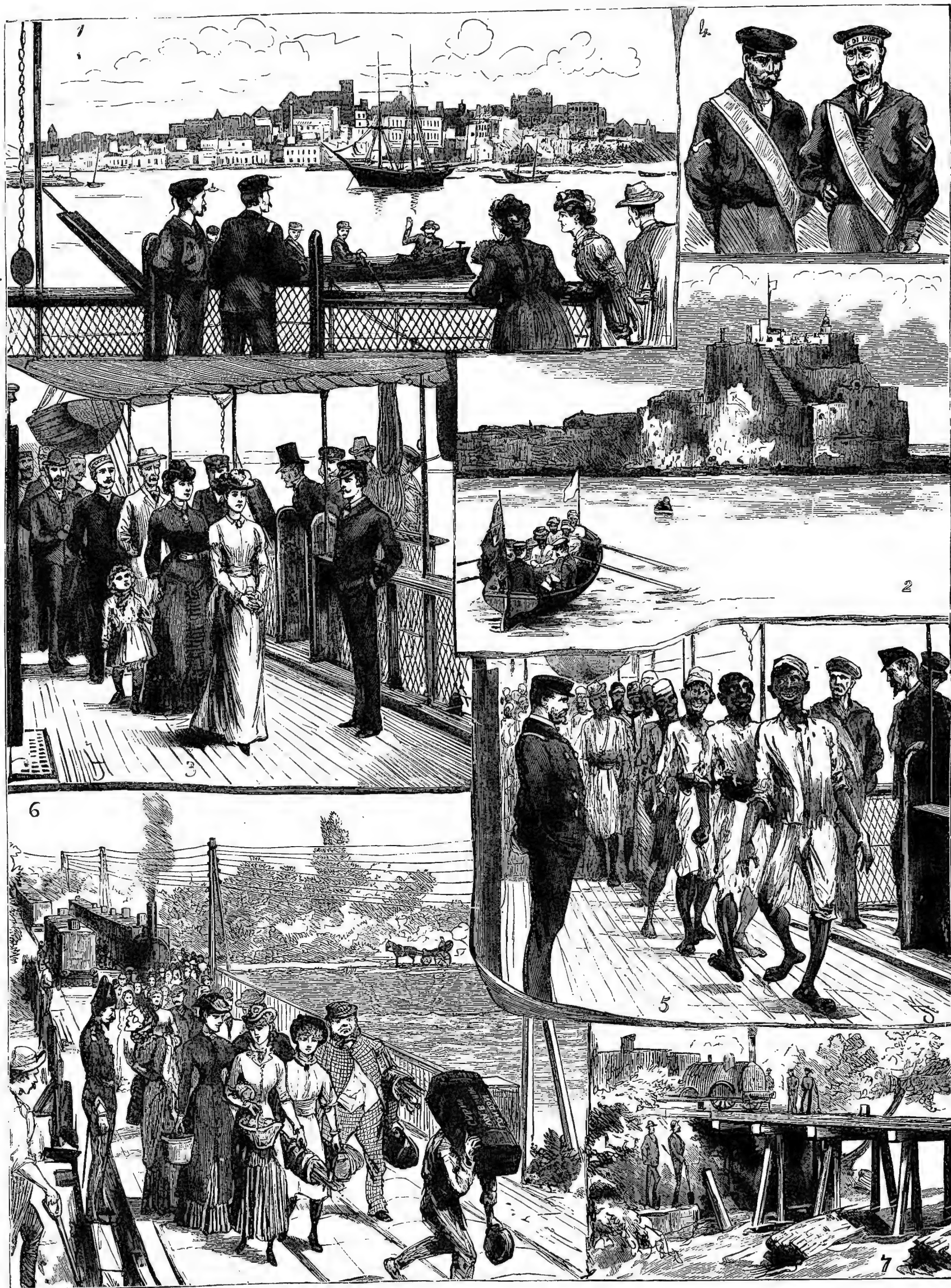
Nevertheless there are circumstances wherein a man, even at the present day, may live, not on 300*l.*, but 100*l.* a year, and enjoy a considerable amount of luxury. Of course it is not in England. But against the disadvantages of exile from home must be put the advantages of travel and the opportunities of improving the accent in foreign languages. In many a snug *pension* in Northern Italy or Switzerland a man might live on 100*l.* a year like a prince, being absolutely without care for the things of this world. No taxes to pay, no coals or gas, no repairs, no servants; whilst rent is so ingeniously mixed up with breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, that it appears to have no existence as a direct charge.

Six francs a day, equal to a trifle less than five shillings, is the average charge in a Swiss *pension*, where anything like a stay is made. People may pay more or less; but it is exceedingly well done for six francs. A great deal depends upon the allotment of a room. But our substantial friend of the respectability to be derived from 300*l.* a year, and with the prospect of a moderately prolonged stay, is likely to be carefully looked after in this respect. The six francs include not only rent and attendance, but three good meals a day. There is bread-and-butter and coffee, or chocolate, or tea (this not recommended), at whatever hour one pleases. At one o'clock lunch, generally two courses of hot meat—certainly one—with cold meat to fill up interstices. The dinner is a substantial meal of a full run of courses, everything of the best, cooked in a manner with which we are not familiar in London hotels, except at the very best and dearest. How this can be done at six francs, which at home or in most Continental hotels would be the price of the dinner alone, appears to the uninitiated a mystery. Presumably the things are bought cheap, in large quantities, and the custom is extensive and steady.

The company at these establishments varies with the locality and the style of the house. It is, as far as my experience goes, generally good of its kind. *Pensions* are in high favour with clergymen, especially with clergymen with large families. Maiden ladies of varying age also patronise them. There are, moreover, children who run about the corridors at dinner time and swoop down upon the dessert with irresistible voracity shortly after it is placed upon the table. But that is a delight by no means peculiar to *pensions*. Hotel managers, as a rule, do not encourage the custom of children. They eat a great deal, drink no wine, make much noise at untimely hours, and slide down the bannisters, causing perpetual fear that the character of the house will be damaged by having an inquest held within its portals. When it is said children drink no wine, it should be added that only English children are here spoken of. French and Italian children of the tenderest years share their parents' wine at the *tables d'hôte*, and would resent any interference with their birthright.

The fact that people who live *en pension* are not wayfarers, here to-day and gone to-morrow, diffuses over the establishment an air of home life. The nearest approach to the conditions of life in a *pension* is that on board a passenger ship. Everybody knows everybody else in a surprisingly short time. Friendships are struck up which promise to last a lifetime, and do flourish till one leaves the place to journey further on. People do not sit and stare stolidly at each other across the table as is the pleasant habit at the hotel *table d'hôte*. New-comers will assuredly become acquaintances. We do not know their names yet, nor whence they came. But these confidences will presently be bestowed. In the mean time it is recognised as not a promising beginning of acquaintance that they should be glared upon. As a rule, the commissariat department in a good *pension* is superior to that in a first-class French hotel. Here, again, the principle of strangers as compared with friends and acquaintances makes itself felt. At the hotel people come at night and leave in the morning, and perhaps their faces will never more be seen. If they can get a tolerably good dinner, it is all they can reasonably look for.

(Continued on page 430)



1. We Arrive at Brindisi: The Pilot Refuses to Come Aboard.—2. Ship's Doctor Goes Ashore to Show Clean Bill of Health.—3. Inspection by Doctors of Port and Quarantine Officers of the Passengers and Every Soul on the Steamer.—4. Two Guards are Put on Board to Take Us to Venice.—5. At Venice Another Inspection and March Past, Which the Seedie Boys Consider "Bery Good Fun."—6. Crossing the Brenta from One Train to Another: Bridge Carried Away by Floods.—7. Temporary Bridge near Verona.

ON THE WAY HOME FROM EGYPT
NOTES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HERBERT JOHNSON



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"I hope nothing is the matter?"

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE EXODUS

TRENNA'S first act was to place the five-pound note that lay crumpled on the table in her own purse; not for its value, for, as her father truly said, it had none; but lest the sight of it should, when she had gone, excite him to do what he had promised not to do. That was the one point which she had gained where so much had been lost. Kit was not to be punished by the law. Her possession of the note went far to secure this if her father had no other proof of his son's delinquency. She knew how he had obtained it, and even what it had cost him. Her brother had been betrayed by one whom he had himself betrayed; but who had had so much of pity left for him as to send him a word of warning. He had found it only just in time on his return from the Knoll on the previous night. If Kit had been at home that morning to feed his father's fury by his presence, to what lengths might it not have raged!

Even as matters were, they were bad enough. She had expected nothing less than that her father would have cast him off; but that she should share in his condemnation was an unlooked for misfortune. It had been her intention to leave the Grey House sooner or later, and to throw in her lot with her brother. Kit was all in all to her. Her father had long been as nought to her compared with him, and was now less than nought since he had declared himself his enemy. For Kit's sake she fancied she could have endured her home a little longer, as she had done when he was away at Cambridge; but it is certain she could not have listened with patience to the reproaches her father would have heaped on him; nor, as we have seen, could she play the hypocrite even for an hour, as regarded her loyalty to her brother. For loyalty is independent of the unworthiness of the object, and may cling to a Tarquin or a Stuart.

Her father's passion had precipitated matters, and left her no choice but flight. But whither should she go? She had said with truth that she did not know where her brother was. It had been arranged that he should privately let her know his address in London (whither he had departed by first train that morning), so soon as he should secure lodgings; but in the mean time she was homeless. That the Medways would give her the shelter of their roof, indeed, she felt assured; but had it been possible she would have preferred to go anywhere else; for how could she escape inquiry and explanation? There was, however, no alternative. The Medways were, fortunately, cognisant of the bad terms on which Kit and her father lived. She would only have to represent

the matter as a culmination of the quarrel between them, and (what indeed was true) that in espousing her brother's part she had shared his punishment. Neither Mrs. Medway nor Maud would press for details; they were too delicate in feeling to do so, however great might be their curiosity to learn the actual facts. Whatever representation she might make, she felt tolerably confident that it would not be contradicted by her father. His promise not to prosecute, indeed, seemed to include a promise of silence on this matter, and above all, his manner had convinced her that, alike for good and ill, he had washed his hands (as he expressed it) equally of her brother and of herself, and if it were possible would never again breathe the name of either of them. So far she felt content, while another result of her present position gave her a satisfaction the full content of which she scarcely admitted to herself. In a very short time she would be re-united to her brother; as soon as he had a roof to offer her she knew he would welcome her to it; and while she was with him, as she flattered herself, she would keep him straight. It was true, as we know, that she had not hitherto done so; that, indeed, he had acted very crookedly; but that was without her cognisance. Extreme necessity and apprehension, as he had persuaded her, had driven him to one desperate and dishonest act; but in acknowledgment of the escape which he owed to her, and for which she had paid so heavy a price, he had solemnly promised not only that he would never so offend again, but never undertake any matter of importance without consulting her.

From her conduct in the past, and even from the manner in which she had received the news of her brother's connection with the Mining Company at Cook's Creek, it may be imagined that Trenna's own views of right and wrong were far from what they should be. This, however, was not the case; her conduct in every relation of life, save one (and where that erred it was affected by the same evil influence), was blameless; but, as regarded all that Kit was connected with, her moral vision became distorted; she did not, indeed, as the phrase goes, "see through his spectacles," but her infatuation for him was such that, where his interests were concerned, she had forgiveness for his faults, and an apology even for his sins. Whoever doubts these things disputes that everyday miracle, a woman's love. Moreover, poor Trenna had been "caught by her trainer young." From her earliest years she had been under the influence of one stronger than herself, and who had used his power, not indeed unlovingly, but without scruple. The law itself admits the weakness of womankind, in holding the wife guiltless of offences she has committed at her husband's instigation. And what is the mere true lover's knot of marriage that can be severed by a judge's order, as compared with the triple steel of voluntary devotion?

Trenna had heard her father's door above-stairs closed and locked, and rightly judged that he would remain in his own room until she had left the house. Her hasty preparations for departure were accordingly carried out under no nervous apprehension of meeting him again. They were simple enough, for her wardrobe was limited; nor, save a few presents from Maud and Kit, were there any of those "trivial fond records" of affection to be packed up which go so far to make whatever roof may shelter us a home. In her own little room the sharpest pang that parting could inflict awaited her in the person of poor Poll. She had not forgotten to bring him his customary lump of sugar, but the talk with her father had delayed her, and the royal bird was in dudgeon. He sat sulkily on his perch, ruffling his splendid plumes, and croaking "Kit, Kit! Kit! Kit!" like a death watch. The words had a meaning for her that they had not for him, and she sighed heavily.

"Who will tend you when I am gone, poor Poll?"

"Kit, Kit."

"No, not Kit," she answered gently, "he is gone to—"

"Oh, the Devil!" exclaimed the parrot. He had dropped the sugar through the bars of his cage, and was only expressing his chagrin in the terms his young master had taught him; but the appositeness of the ejaculation drew a faint smile from Trenna.

"If Kit were here," she murmured, "how he would have laughed at that. He always laughed at everything, poor boy. There can be no real harm in so light a heart. As Tennyson says:—

These flashes on the surface are not he,
He has a solid base of temperament;
But as the water lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Though anchored to the bottom, such is he.

Then she sighed again, perceiving, perhaps, that the parallel between the subject of her reflections and a lily was not a very close one.

"Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me!" croaked the parrot, with fretful impatience. Trenna pressed her soft cheek against the bars of the cage, and the bird bit it daintily, "not for spite, but love." Then down the girl's cheek the tears fell fast for the first time.

"You shall go with me, Poll," she whispered softly, "so long as Trenna has a crust you shall share it with her. There is no one to tend you here for my sake—not one! Not one!"

This was a bitter truth, for since Abel was gone there was not even loving service at the Grey House. The maid Susan had no regard for her young mistress; Trenna had been kind to her in vain, and suspected, with reason, that she had been won over by bribes from her father to be a spy on her and Kit. When her

arrangements were concluded she rang the bell, and ordered a fly to be sent for from the Crown Inn.

"Why, it's Christmas Day," said Susan; "the folks will be all in church."

"To be sure; I had forgotten that," said Trenna wearily.

"It isn't every house where one day is the same as another," put in the handmaid, impudently.

"Do as I bid you immediately," exclaimed Trenna. "There will be somebody at the inn—probably the ostler."

The girl was cowed at once; she had never heard her mistress speak in such a tone before.

"But, please, Miss, I durst not do it without master's leave."

"Then ask his leave."

She heard the girl go upstairs, and, after a colloquy with her father through the closed door, go down to the kitchen, whereby she knew he had given his consent. The squabble, insignificant and contemptuous as it was, had roused her spirit and done her good. Before the folks had come out of church and chapel, the fly from the Crown was at the door, and all her luggage, including the parrot in his cage, was placed in it. Then, without a word of farewell, she took her seat. She did not even look up at her father's window; indeed, it would have been superfluous, for she had heard his blind drawn down with a jerk as she emerged from the front room. If he had been lying dead in yonder room their parting, she knew, could not have been more complete and final. As she drove through the deserted street the sense of her abandonment and desolation grew intense; but she showed no signs of weakness. Friends, as she bitterly said to herself, she had none in Mogadion; but it was well that it had so happened that neither acquaintances nor neighbours were witnesses of her departure.

The road that led to the Knoll was never a frequented one, and she congratulated herself that on this day of all days it was unlikely that she should meet on it any one she knew. In this idea, however, she was mistaken. They had scarcely emerged from the little town when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard on the frost-bound road. She lay back in the fly as they drew near, in hopes that the rider, whoever he was, would pass her without recognition, but, greatly to her chagrin, the vehicle, no doubt from some sign from the person in question, pulled up at her approach.

"Why, Miss Trenna," exclaimed the new comer, cheerfully, "whither away so early?" Then, coming close up to the window, he added in earnest tones, "I see you have your luggage with you; I hope nothing is the matter?"

"I am leaving home, Doctor," she answered, curtly.

"What?—For good?"

"I don't know as to that; but certainly for ever. I don't want any noise to be made about it, if you please."

"But Miss Trenna, pray, pray reflect. It is a terrible step to take."

"I have been forced to take it."

"Forced? And by your father? He is no friend of mine, as you know, but sooner than such a thing should happen—you don't know, my dear young lady, what may come of it—I will appeal to him myself—I will do anything."

"Thank you, thank you," she murmured hurriedly—the tears were very near her eyes, and she trembled for her own self-control—"but nothing you can do can be of any use. I am going to live with Kit."

"But—forgive me, as an old friend, or if you will not believe that, as a true and well-wisher—has your brother a home to offer you? And even if he has, think of the consequences of breaking with your father so completely. You do not know what a hard stepfather the world is. I beseech you to consider it."

"I have considered, and though what has happened is not of my choosing, I do not repent it. For the present I am taking shelter at the Knoll."

"Quite right, you will be safe there. And in the mean time what can I do for you?"

"Promise me one thing."

"That is granted all ready."

"That you will not attempt to intercede with my father; nothing can come of it save harm; ask your son and he will tell you so."

"Good heavens! What has Frank to do with it? I am sure he has done nothing wrong; he has never caused me a moment's anxiety in my life; the best of sons."

"No doubt, but you on your part have been the best of fathers."

She thought she detected disparagement of her brother in the Doctor's remark, and, even in that terrible moment, could not resist putting in her plea for him. "It is good fathers who make good sons."

"Action and reaction, eh?" he answered, smiling. "That is a disputed point. As to this sad business, my dear young lady, I don't know what to say since you have stopped the only way that seemed open to me. In return for my promise, however, you must give me yours that you will do nothing rashly, or without consultation with your friends. Your father, of course, is bound to make provision for you eventually. By gad he shall do that, or I'll make Mogadion too hot for him," interpolated the Doctor. "But just at first there may be money difficulties; pray remember you have friends, not fair-weather ones, at the Dovecote; and—"

"Thanks, thanks, I do, I will; pray let me go on," pleaded Trenna, who had utterly broken down.

The Doctor drew off, hat in hand, at once, and signed to the driver to proceed.

The girl was sobbing like a child; harshness she could bear, but kindness and sympathy—weapons to which she was unaccustomed—had been too much for her. She had kept her wits at first; had fortunately hit upon referring the good Doctor to his son, in whose hands her secret (or rather her brother's) was safe, and who, at the same time, would convince him of the futility of interceding with her father; but having thus provided for Kit's safety, her heart had melted like wax. And now this unexpected friend with his unlooked-for promise of aid was gone, thoughts of the what-might-have-been pierced through and through her. How happy would be the lot of any girl who would find her home at the Dovecote! What a husband would Frank make! What a father-in-law the good Doctor! Fine-weather friends! No, they were friends indeed, though, after what had passed between her and Frank, they could never be her friends. Within the next hour, perhaps, though Frank would never betray her, he might be compelled to say something which would turn his father's heart away from her, and make him regret his own generous instincts. Why, oh why, was Fate so cruel to her? Was she indeed the sport of Fate, or the scapegoat accepted by a higher power? There was a verse in the Bible—one which had been used by Kit to the discredit of the sacred volume, "He will have mercy upon whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth." Had she really then been singled out as the object of the Creator's wrath? What had she done? How had she deserved it? Why had this tremendous gulf been fixed between her, and her whom she had pictured to herself as Frank Meade's bride? Nay, between herself and the very girl to the shelter of whose roof she was hastening? How was it that in Maud's case there was the loving mother and the happy home, and all things working together, as it seemed, for good and happiness, while in her's were exile and disgrace? Even the poor passion of grief was denied her. It behoved her to dry her eyes, and smooth her hair, and school her speech, for the servant that was about to receive her at the Knoll, and to whom it would be necessary to give some sort of explanation for the appearance of so unexpected a visitor. And indeed, "I have come to stay a few weeks with your mistress,

John," which was the sentence she fixed on, did not wholly account to that amazed retainer for the arrival on Christmas morning of Miss Trenna Garston and her luggage.

He spoke of the matter in private to the driver as he handed out the parrot as being a "rum go," a remark which that observant bird, rendered more impressionable than ever by unaccustomed travel, at once added to his repertoire of ejaculations, and adapted as his own.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BEGINNING OF FEARS

ALTHOUGH Trenna had reckoned, from the necessity of the case, without her host, as regarded her reception by Mrs. Medway, her welcome at the Knoll in no respect fell short of her expectations; while as to Maud, "It is an ill wind indeed, my dear Trenna," she said, "that blows nobody good;" by which she implied that the breeze between her friend and her father had conferred the greatest possible benefit on herself. The first thought, however, both of mother and daughter, was to effect a reconciliation between Mr. Garston and his child, and it would have been difficult to convince them that the exile of their guest from her home was really irrevocable, had not Frank Meade added his testimony to that of Trenna's. He accomplished this with considerable skill, and a delicacy of touch worthy of his professional reputation, so that Trenna not only felt herself secure, but was freed from all the embarrassments of cross-examination.

On the other hand, as Frank was, of course, acting on her behalf only, and in ignorance of the actual state of the case, the subject of Kit was by no means a forbidden one. There were questions enough as to what he was doing with himself in London, and with what hopes and prospects, not put to his sister from mere curiosity, we may be sure, but in the most helpful and friendly spirit, yet by no means easy to answer.

Trenna told them that Kit had some scheme of his own, which was at present undeveloped, but in which his friend Mr. Braithwaite, whose father had great influence in the City, had promised to assist him. It was something connected with mines, she thought.

"Not the mine at Cook's Creek, I do hope," put in Mark, smiling; at which Trenna smiled too, though the random shaft had pierced to her very heart. Would the affection, she wondered, of even Mark remain unchanged when he came to learn the truth?

She was gnawed with anxiety on Kit's account, from whose letters she gathered that there were great initial difficulties in the matter in hand, though he was hopeful that the thing would be soon "floated," as he called it, when all would be well; but in the mean time she knew he must be terribly pinched for money, and feared, in spite of his repeated assurances to the contrary, that he might adopt some desperate measure to fill his purse. He had absolutely forbidden her to speak of his pecuniary difficulties to anybody. It was above all things necessary, he said, that no want of money should be manifest in the promoters of the scheme in question, though Mark's purse, as she well knew, would have been placed at his friend's disposal at once—indeed, he had offered it unasked—and Mrs. Medway's gratitude to Kit was too warm and recent to permit her to deny him anything in reason. It was a matter of secret self-congratulation to her that Kit was not going to take his degree, for there was now no cause for her son's return to Cambridge. He had been rescued, thanks to Kit, from the very depths, and was now her own again; but it was a great relief to her to reflect that he was not again to be exposed to temptation. She was no longer an advocate for University education, which was, it seemed, more comprehensive than she had any idea of.

From what Trenna could gather from her brother's letters, it appeared that he had been received by Mr. Braithwaite senior graciously enough, but that he had not been able to make such way with him as he had expected. The good looks, gaiety, and agreeable manners that go far to ingratiate a young man with his contemporaries, have not much influence with elderly gentlemen in the City; while to impress them with an undergraduate's capacities for business is as difficult as for an inhabitant of the Great Sahara to establish a reputation among mariners for swimming.

It was Trenna's conviction that Kit had contrived to become the proprietor of Cook's Creek, but where the money came from for the advertisements, which, as she was informed, were now constantly appearing in the newspapers in connection with that enterprise, she could not conceive; for it seemed that Mr. Braithwaite was not finding it, but held himself aloof from the undertaking till it should take some more mature and promising shape. There was no fear of her wearing out her welcome among her kind friends at the Knoll, but she reproached herself for the very comforts she enjoyed there. How different, she often reflected with a sigh, must be her present luxurious lot to that of poor Kit, whom she pictured to herself in some miserable lodging, pinched for the mere necessities of life, and rarely, perhaps, getting a good meal, save at Mr. Braithwaite's table. She knew, too, how he resented privation, and how ill it agreed with him. There are some folks to whom adversity is a positive benefit, and absolutely necessary to the discipline of their minds; who in prosperity wax fat and kick, and require, as it were, to be broken to harness by reverses. But there are others who, so far from being spoiled by the gifts of fortune, reflect her smile on all who come near them. One of the wisest as well as one of the wittiest of men, and who never shrank from telling the truth, no matter how opposed it was to conventional ideas, affirms that he was "a better and happier man for every guinea he acquired." They softened his heart and opened his hand; his nature expanded under the sunshine of good fortune like a flower. We do not hear that when things went ill with him he became reckless and desperate; but this is a result at least as common as to be "disciplined" by the frowns of Fate.

Nothing could make Christopher Garston morose; nor was he easily depressed by misfortune. But he was very impatient of it, and found it difficult to keep a conscience upon small means.

These considerations, which she did not blink, even to herself, caused Trenna great anxiety of mind. Her brother's letters alarmed her, for she felt, though they were far from rose-coloured, that they represented his affairs in a better light than he himself regarded them. When he did not write she was still more perturbed in mind—she knew not what evil his silence concealed, nor what catastrophe a day might bring forth.

What had become of her father she knew not. It was rumoured that he had discharged his servants, and left Mogadion. The Grey House was shut up. She had seen with her own eyes its blinded windows, and marked that air of desolation which so soon falls on a habitation that has lost its tenants. She had never looked for hope or help from that quarter, but this outward and visible sign of estrangement and desertion appalled her.

Weeks passed by, and every time Mrs. Medway asked her what was the news from Kit, she found it more difficult to answer her. Presently that lady received a letter from Frank Meade, the contents of which, as Trenna easily guessed, were intended for her eyes at least as much as for those of their recipient. Frank had returned to town after the Christmas holidays, and was hard at work. He delighted in his profession, and, besides, had a motive for his exertion known only to himself, though not unsuspected by at least one other person. Trenna, indeed, was well convinced, by this time, that he had resolved to win Maud Medway for his wife. The knowledge of it was hard for her to bear, but it had no bitterness. Such a prize could now never have fallen to her own lot; Fortune's wheel had nothing but blanks for her; but she was not one

to play the dog in the manger. In this matter she made, as it were, a double self-sacrifice. Nothing, in many ways, would have been more welcome to her than that Kit should become Maud's husband. But though, as we have seen, she was ready at all hazards to advance his interests in other directions, she had here drawn the line. She did not grudge him the wreck of her own happiness, but she was resolute to prevent that of her friend splitting on the same rock.

As a brother, Kit had many defects, but Trenna was content with him—her love for him was such that it condoned all his faults; but it was not blind to them; and she could not conceal from herself that, after what had happened (so she softly put it to herself when thinking of his crime), he could not be a fitting husband for Maud Medway. He might hold a different opinion himself; and she readily acquitted him of having any sordid aims with respect to Maud; but, entertaining, as she did, the conviction in question, it would, she felt, be a poor return for the lifelong kindness she had received from her friends at the Knoll to play into Kit's hands in this matter. That he rarely lost sight of an object till he had accomplished it, she was well aware; nor did his silence on the point of late at all persuade her that he had given it up. Nay, there were some things in Frank's letter which (though it had no such meaning for others), made her suspect that Kit had it still in his mind. The reference to him in the communication to Mrs. Medway was as follows:—

"I met Garston in the street the other day, and had a long talk with him. He was looking a little thin and pale, I thought, but was in excellent spirits. He seemed almost certain of getting a good post in the new Mining Company—probably that of London manager, with also a share of the contingent profits. He spoke of these last very hopefully, though it appears that Cook's Creek is really to be the scene of the company's operations. The old mine, he tells me, has been closely surveyed and examined by an expert, whose report is very favourable, though it will be necessary to expend a considerable sum before any material result can be looked for. He said, in his bright way, that though he was beginning as 'an adventurer,' he would very soon be one of the richest men in Cornwall; and, when he next comes to Mogadion, expects to be greeted by an address from the Corporation, at the very least, in acknowledgment of the money that his enterprise will bring into the town. He bade me assure his old friends at the Knoll, however, that, no matter how great a capitalist he may become, he will always be affable to them; and I am bound to add that, so far as I can see, he has suffered no change in that respect."

Between the lines in this little budget of news Trenna read many things. First, that Frank had made the best of his meeting with her brother to cheer her; secondly, that he was breaking to the Medways as gently as he could that the enterprise in which Kit was involved was really the mine at Cook's Creek, which every one at Mogadion believed to be worthless; thirdly, that Kit had by no means such hopes of success as he had boasted to Frank, since he had not ventured to confide them to herself; and fourthly, that if Fortune should favour him, his first act would be to come down in person, and proclaim the fact.

On the rest of the household at the Knoll the news from Kit had precisely the effect which he had intended it to have. They were rejoiced to hear of his high spirits and great expectations, and at once became converts to his views—as regarded, at least, the possibility of Cook's Creek turning out an El Dorado. Kit was far too clever to be taken in by a mere bubble; he had means of informing himself of the facts of the case which Mr. Penryn and the Doctor—who pooh-poohed the matter as contemptuously as ever—did not certainly possess; and that the Creek had been bought for hard cash was certainly a proof that there was something there besides stones, and a hole in the middle of them. Mark himself became at once a partisan of the enterprise—somewhat to the Rector's alarm—who feared that his affection for his friend might induce him to give the scheme material assistance.

"Kit, my dear Mr. Penryn," contended his old pupil, "although energetic, is by no means imprudent, and is the very last man to sink his money in a quicksand."

"At all events, he has no temptation to do so," was the Rector's dry rejoinder, "because he has got none to sink."

"He has his time and talents, which are equally valuable," answered Mark indignantly.

"Still, when one has sunk them, there are more where they came from: with one's money it is not so. You may take my word for it, Mark, that any responsible connection with that Cook's Creek enterprise in the case of a man of means will spell ruin."

"If I had ten thousand pounds of my own I would advance it cheerfully to further Christopher Garston's interests, in this or any other way," answered Mark vehemently; "and if I lost it I should still consider myself his debtor."

"Then I am glad you have not ten thousand pounds, and that your mother is too wise and too right-minded to give you ten thousand pence for any such object," returned the Rector.

Nothing more was said between them, but Mark felt that he had been nearer the brink of a quarrel with his old tutor than he had ever been in his life. The effect of the Rector's remonstrance, or rather of the imprudent terms in which it had been couched, was to cause Mark to write to Kit, at once offering him all the aid that lay in his power both in purse and person.

To this Kit replied in terms of reciprocal affection. "Your letter gave me infinite pleasure; it is not what one's friends can do for us that gives us such pleasure in them, but the conviction of their willingness to serve us. Pecuniary help I do not need, dear Mark, though I may make some use of the personal influence you so kindly offer; but encouragement such as your letter gives me is most welcome. I am coming down in a day or two to Mogadion, but as it will be on business I cannot accept, that is as a lodger, the hospitality of the Knoll, but must make the Crown my head quarters. Until then, and for ever afterwards, I am your affectionate friend."

The same post brought a letter from Kit to Trenna, written in exuberant spirits, and enclosing the prospectus of the new company, "now complete, save that it wants the name of a local magnate or two; you will observe how it differs from that which afforded Mr. Penryn so much amusement." And indeed there was now quite a long list of directors, among which, underlined with red ink to draw her special attention to it, was the name of Braithwaite Brothers, Lombard Street. Moreover, there was some information concerning the mine itself, which had not appeared in the previous draft, or, as Kit termed it, the pilot balloon.

"Operations have already commenced at Cook's Creek."

"The report of the local engineer is all that can be desired. It has been found practicable to utilise some of the old machinery, which has greatly reduced the original estimate of the working expenses. The first output may be confidently looked for in a few weeks."

It was this part of the prospectus (which she folded up and put aside without speaking of it) that most attracted Trenna's attention. As it happened, Mrs. Medway and Maud were going to lunch that day at General Munden's, an expedition which she had declined to join upon the ground of indisposition (she was "indisposed" indeed for any such visiting), so that, supposing she could get rid of Mark, which would hardly be difficult, she would have almost the whole day to herself.

No sooner was the pony carriage that conveyed the two ladies out of sight, than Trenna equipped herself for the walk she had in her mind; it was of considerable length, and she would lose her lunch by starting so early. She stepped into the dining-room on her way

out to make a depredation on the biscuit tin. She did not see that Mark was sitting there behind the fire-screen, and his unexpected observation, "Eat, but don't pocket," filled her with such confusion as to give her the appearance of one convicted of an actual crime.

"Who would have thought of seeing you here?" she ejaculated.

"That is what they all say when the policeman detects them in *flagrante delicto*," returned Mark. "I am here on guard; but if I once set to work at my books I should forget you. My instructions are to make myself agreeable to Miss Trenna Garston, and on no account to let her mope, or leave the house without my company. I've given myself a holiday from my *magnum opus* for that very purpose."

"But I am going a long walk, Mark; much too long for your taste."

"Never mind; if I walk till I drop I shall walk with you. I am not going to neglect the History for mere enjoyment at the fire-side. Come on."

It was plain that Mark had nerved himself for self-sacrifice; and when for once and away a man does that, he doesn't like to be disappointed. Trenna hesitated a moment, then answered gravely as if to some question in her own mind, rather than to her companion, "Perhaps it will be better so. Let us go together, then, to Cook's Creek."

(To be continued.)



"ADMIRAL LORD KEITH," by Alexander Allardyce (W. Blackwood and Sons).—There is necessarily much that is interesting in the life of a naval commander in the heroic age of Napoleon, and Mr. Allardyce's record of Lord Keith's achievements deals with many exhilarating and memorable events. It is singular that almost the first appearance of Lord Keith in an active capacity should have been coincident with the *début* of Napoleon at Toulon (where they both distinguished themselves), and that, nearly twenty-two years later, he should be commissioned to carry out the arrangements for the transfer of Napoleon to St. Helena. The Hon. George Keith Elphinstone, afterwards Viscount Keith, entered the Navy in his fifteenth year, in 1761. It was in the year following that Rousseau, having fled from the intrigues of the Holbachian *coterie* into his native land, met one of the grand-uncles of the young midshipman, the Earl Marischal, then in the service of Frederick the Great, and acting as Governor of Neuchâtel, and of whom we have a graphic and picturesque portrait in the "Confessions." It is worthy of note in connection with this chance meeting, that Rousseau gives his emphatic testimony to the presence in the grand-uncle of those very mental qualities which were afterwards so conspicuous in his young relative, and which undoubtedly contributed greatly to Lord Keith's brilliant success in life. In both men "the finest tact was combined with the most profound knowledge of men;" and though Mr. Allardyce frequently recurs to the administrative abilities and remarkable tact and temper of the Admiral, he invariably does so with a judgment and critical restraint of language that give force to his narrative and value and authority to his biography. Lord Keith was fortunate in commencing his career just when the third great climacteric of our naval history was approaching, when the glorious deeds of the epochs of Elizabeth and Cromwell were about to be equalled, and surpassed, in the long and world-wide wars with Holland, Spain, and France. It is true that it did not happen to him to be in command during any of the great historical sea-fights; but he led our forces in nearly all the more important expeditions of his time in which the navy shared the honours with the army, and in all these he displayed consummate ability and unimpeachable courage. At Charlestown and Toulon he evinced strategic skill of a high order; but it was on occasions when the concerted plan of action had become greatly complicated, as in the landing at Aboukir when acting with Abercromby, that the qualities of his leadership became fully apparent. Mr. Allardyce writes with perspicuity and in a commendably sober style. He gives us a lucid and, we believe, a truthful portrait of one who will not readily be forgotten in "our rough island story."

Mr. J. Brodgen Baker's "History of Scarborough" (Longmans) appears to be the outcome of a local want. No detailed account of the famous watering-place has been published for fifty years, and Mr. Baker has undertaken to supply the deficiency. Whether, however, his portly volume can be called a history in the right sense is another matter. The work is in some respects curious. As literature—that is to say, as a piece of literary workmanship—it would deserve severe criticism, were it not that the critic is disarmed, and his heart (supposing a critic to have such a thing) is softened by the modest and evidently sincere preface. From this it appears that Mr. Baker, who is quite conscious of his literary shortcomings, has undertaken the work simply out of love of the place it deals with. His book is a strange compilation of facts, some of which are interesting and of real historic value, whilst others are more quaint than germane. It is nevertheless the sort of volume that many people will care to peruse; though Mr. Baker must forgive us for saying that, in spite of his industry and enthusiasm, the History of Scarborough has still to be written. It is notable that the printing has been done in the provinces, where also the illustrations have likewise been prepared. These, however, are not up to the level which modern taste demands.

"Nice and Its Climate," by Dr. A. Barèty (Stanford), is not the kind of work suggested by its title. It is, indeed, very different from the hundreds of works with similar designations which have poured in upon us for years. The book is primarily addressed to medical men, but it contains a mass of information which will be looked for in other works in vain, and moreover, just that sort of information which the invalid most requires. Dr. Barèty's work has been ably translated by Dr. West, who has added the chapter on Nice and its neighbourhood from M. Lenthéric's book on Mediterranean Provence, and also a reprint of Professor Allman's address on the vegetation of the Riviera. We may not always feel as enthusiastic as Dr. West, perhaps; but his compilation has at least one merit: it does not exalt Nice at the expense of other places, as though "there were one spot, and one alone, favoured by Hygeia, and all others were but antechambers of the grave." So far from doing this Dr. West even records his belief that "as far as essentials are concerned there is no place from Cannes to Nervi where patients may not find, if they are at the trouble of making intelligent inquiries, all they need."

Mr. Thomas Anderson's "History of Shorthand" (W. H. Allen and Co.) is a work that will interest many people besides the numerous profession to which it more particularly appeals. There is a marked activity in the shorthand world just now; new systems appear almost daily, and it would surprise many people to find that Pitman's is by no means the only, or the most approved, method in vogue. This activity, this prolific issue of new systems the author considers a symptom of dissatisfaction with the older ones, and—though we think not so reasonably—a "ground of encouragement for most favourable expectations." The grammar here is original, but the meaning clear. An incidental purpose of the work is to stimulate this activity, and to direct it into what the author conceives to be the most promising channels. Mr. Anderson goes back even to the beginning of language, and deals in some

learned but interesting chapters with the "epochs" of shorthand from ancient times to its rise and progress in England. He discusses the present state of the English styles, which he compares, and he describes also the French and German systems. He tells us what are the essentials of a good system, and gives us elaborate lists of writers on shorthand, and of the principal English shorthand writers of the day, showing the systems they use. In short, his work, which he well describes as a "brachygraphical study, historically compiled," gives at once a very readable sketch of the history of the art from the earliest times, and a review of its present condition and prospects in Europe and America. An able and suggestive book.

Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Co. have published Theobald Böhm's essay "On the Construction of Flutes," originally written in 1847. This inextensive, but very weighty, learned, and interesting work has been edited by Mr. W. S. Broadwood, who has added several of Böhm's letters, together with other documents. It is not too much to say that the book closes for ever the disputes which have arisen on the subject of Böhm's inventions and improvements. The subject is too technical, perhaps, for these columns; but all who are interested not only in the discussion which caused it to be written, but in flutes generally, and the acoustic laws which should rule the manufacture of wind instruments, should certainly procure the book; for it contains many valuable hints, and many facts which have taken a life's experience to discover, and a very clear and penetrating intellect to grasp and record.

In "Old Colonials" (Gordon and Gotch), Mr. A. J. Boyd ("Old Chum") has collected a varied and readable series of papers originally published in the *Queenslander*. There is a growing notion that romance and roughness have vanished from Australian life; and to a certain extent the idea is true. But that much of the old pioneering Bohemianism still remains Mr. Boyd's pleasant book conclusively proves. For his adventures, his little comedies and dramas, his landscapes, his portraits (and some of them are striking indeed) are all true—sketches from the life in fact. Mr. Boyd has lived in the bush, has been a School Inspector and a journalist; and this volume contains some of his experiences. We do not say they are told in the best possible manner; but they are well worth reading, and, taken altogether, present at once an entertaining volume, and a very graphic picture of certain aspects of colonial life.

Wholesome fiction for all ages of young people is combined as usual with the solid literature provided by the Christian Knowledge Society, and if most of the stories run in the old grooves, and some occasionally grow oppressively didactic from over-eagerness to point the moral, all are good sound reading, while several of the historical tales will tempt their readers to study the subject for themselves. Of these last, "Isabeau's Hero," by Esmé Stuart, is perhaps the best, dealing with the hopeless struggles of the Huguenot Camisards in the Cévennes after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. With brave Jean Cavalier as its central figure, the novelette interweaves a pathetic love episode amidst the sombre scenes of religious persecution; and this same story of love and persecution is told in "Soldiers of a Great King," which depicts the miseries of the Camisards' fellow-sufferers in the faith across the Alps—the Waldenses. This sketch is for younger readers, and is worked out to illustrate the Collects for the Advent Sundays. Another righteous revolt—the rising of the Tyroleans under Hofer—is the theme of "Rudolf's Dilemma," by A. H. Engelbach. Still dealing with celebrities, the career of the talented Florentine Benvenuto Cellini is briefly outlined by F. Scarlett Potter in "A Wonderful Goldsmith;" while the Rev. E. N. Hoare's "A Brave Fight" gives an unfamiliar version of the life of William Lee, the inventor of the knitting machine. Popular tradition declares that Lee, when married and very poor, grasped the idea of the machine while watching his wife knit, but Mr. Hoare adopts the view of an old Nottingham historian, and represents the poor inventor as disappointed alike in his love and in the success of his invention.

Amongst a group of novelettes for girls' reminiscences of Miss Thackeray's New World versions of Old World myths are naturally aroused by Mrs. H. Child-Pemberton's "Fairy Tales of Every Day," but the authoress assures us that she had never read "Five Old Friends and a Young Prince" until her own book was written, and the stories are sufficiently pleasing to atone for the coincidence. —Descriptions of German life are tolerably hackneyed, yet Esmé Stuart has treated the subject freshly in "Adé," framing a pretty picture of the unhappy alliance of birth and money, and creating a sweet loveable character in Gretchen. Germany again is the scene of the best part of "Una Crichton," by the author of "Our Valley," whose heroine is brought to poverty by the death of her father in a fog. A similar fate befalls both father and heroine of "The Professor's Daughter," by A. Eubule-Evans, but adversity does as much good to the latter as to the haughty Magdalen of "Out of the Shadows," by Crona Temple, a tale intended to teach the double lesson of valuing sterling worth under a plain exterior, and of the right use of Rogation Days. The same authoress shows the force of good example in "On Swallow's Wings." —In these days of energetic Church work, enthusiastic damsels may take some hints on the neglect of home duties from "Ella's Mistake," by Laura M. Lane. —Meanwhile the boys are as well supplied as their sisters. Here is Mr. S. Whitchurch Sadler again, with plentiful stirring adventures in "The Good Ship *Barbara*," wherein small youths acquit themselves with the heroism and fertility of invention which a Kingston and a Marryat loved to chronicle. Shipwreck also is the foundation of "Alone in Crowds," by Annette Lyster, a queer account of a lad brought up on a desert island, who finds his relatives in the delightfully improbable manner peculiar to fiction. —Boys planning running away to sea and worrying their parents may learn the evils of such a course from Alice Lang in "The Price of a Lark;" while the misery of giving way to passion is illustrated by "A Runaway," by Mrs. J. A. Owen, and of constant disobedience by "Asaph Wood," by Phoebe Allen. —Miss Shipton also draws a sterling character in her "Little Will," a pleasing narrative of the good wrought by suffering. —After all these warnings come two stories of Art-loving boys to counteract too much sermonising. There is a moral nevertheless in "Princess Opportunity," although C. M. Phillimore wraps it up neatly in the allegory of the old Italian picture. Quaint and original are the two little Flemish geniuses whose artistic aspirations and struggles fill the pages of "A Dream of Rubens," by Austin Clare. Poetically told, the story with its glimpses of Art-glories in Antwerp and of flat verdant Flanders is thoroughly bright and taking.

Village and Sunday School Libraries are also provided for. Particularly adapted for servants are Austin Clare's "One of the Old School," though the sad recompense of self-sacrificing devotion to a mistress is rather discouraging to lovers; "Miss Jean," by M. E. Hayes, which teaches the same lesson with the by "Clary's same reward;" —The need of humility and kindness to others is forcibly represented in "A High Look," by "G. F." Vanity and pride bring sad consequences in "Tender and True," by Florence Wilford; while the good arising from the generous thought of one poor woman is agreeably set forth by "Widow Tanner's Cactus," by the author of "Mary Cloudsdale;" and Mrs. J. A. Owen's "The Great Cranbury Quarrel" depicts the feud between rival claimants to an estate. —Lessons of thrift are the fruit of "Be Kind to Your Old Age," a clear account of the aids for saving provided by the Post Office, arranged as a story, and so all the more likely to impress poor people, although occasionally the arguments are rather lengthy. —Nor are the little ones forgotten. "The power of good influence is the keynote alike of "Maud Kinglake's Collect,"

by the author of "Carry's Christmas Gift," of the same author's "Fast Friends," a tale of London gutter children, and of "The Church Farm," by S. M. Sitwell, wherein an incorrigible damsel is duly reclaimed. So too is the discontented heroine of Mrs. Erskine's "Grumble," who would have had something to grumble at if she had undergone the trials of "Sally Tramp," by the author of "Earth's Many Voices," or of the brave lad in "Young Sixfoot," wherein Mrs. Charles Garnett paints from experience the struggles of navy life. —"Honesty is the Best Policy" is the old adage carried out by "Jenny's Offering," by "M. C. E.," and the duties of obedience and industry are plainly explained to very youthful minds by F. Scarlett Potter in "Drowsy Dell." —Beechwood, by Mary Davison, tells of the ordinary adventures of a small lass and lad in the country, while some capital simple Sunday stories are contained in "Golden Flowers," by F. B. Harrison. The illustrations accompanying these books are almost invariably bad, and it would be as well if the Society studied the artistic as carefully as the moral improvement of their readers.

From Mr. T. Fall, of Baker Street, we have received an admirable lithograph portrait of Admiral Sir A. Cooper Key. The lithograph has been executed by Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald from a drawing by Mr. Fall.

HOW WE DINED FORTY YEARS AGO

It has often been asserted, and in many instances not without reason, that as men grow older, they become more and more inclined to deplore and disparage the changes effected by the lapse of years; and to compare—of course to the disadvantage of the former—the present with the past. Admitting this to be the case, and even going so far as to allow that their strictures may occasionally be well-founded, it must nevertheless be conceded even by the most prejudiced *laudator temporis acti* that in one respect at all events the progress of time has brought with it a change for the better, namely, a more intelligent comprehension of the art of dining.

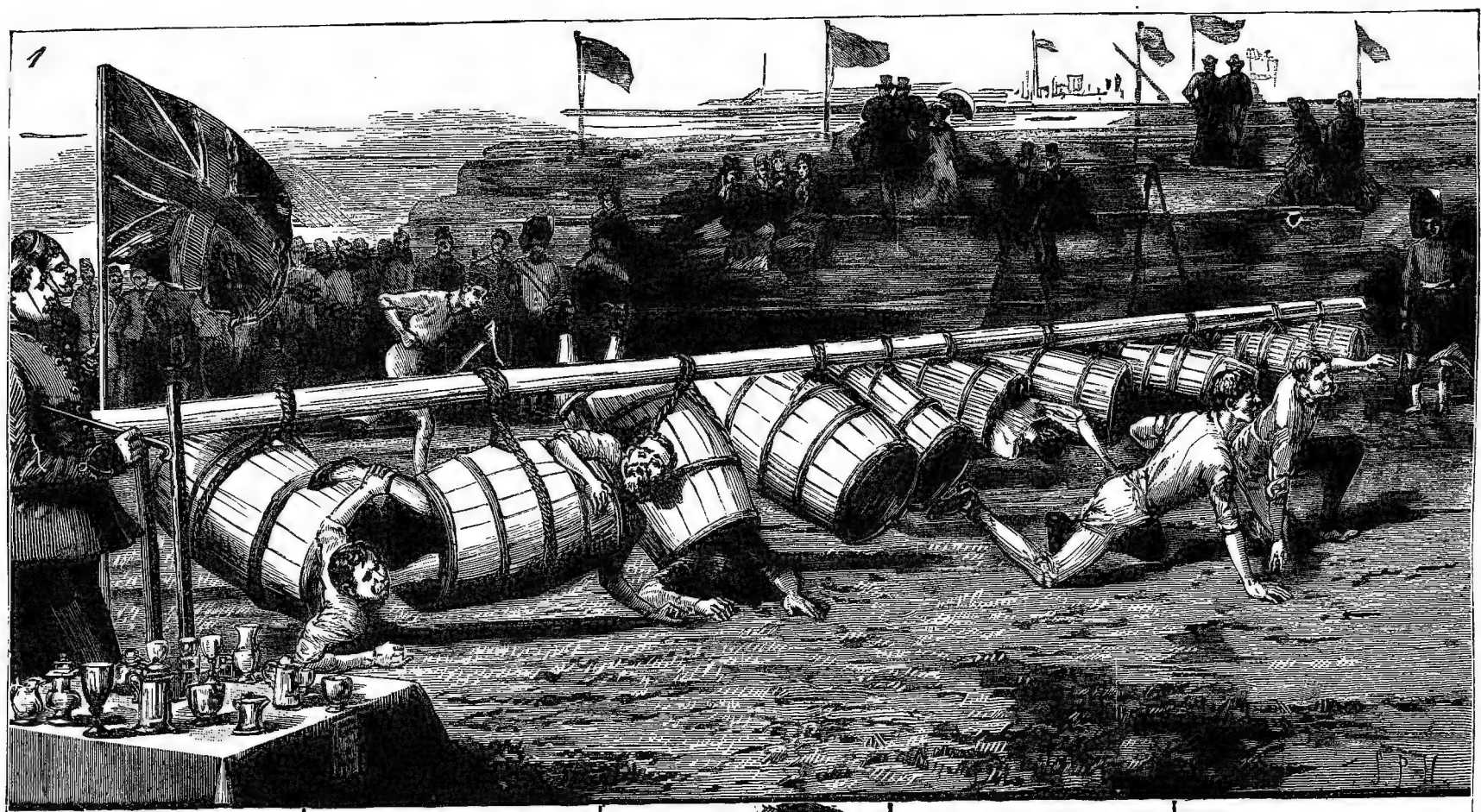
In order fully to appreciate the difference between the *embarras du choix* now experienced by us as to where we shall partake of our daily repast, and the difficulties under which, long after the accession of Queen Victoria, the stranger in London in quest of a sufficient and reasonably-priced refectory perpetually laboured, one must have gone through a course of comparative starvation before arriving at the fleshpots of Egypt; for then, and then only, can a proper estimate be formed of what in the year of grace, 1842, was not the exception, but the invariable rule. I often wonder what those—*sua si bona norint*!—who complain of such little miseries of human life as over-charges, waiters' fees, and the like would say if they were transported back to the time of which I speak; they who have only to choose between a score of excellent restaurants, in any one of which they are sure of finding an appetising meal at a moderate cost, and may either, according to their means, enjoy a feast worthy of Lucullus, served up with all the luxurious refinement of modern civilisation, or indulge their economical propensities by responding to the tempting advertisement, "The best sixpenny dinner in London!"

Forty years ago, any one who chanced to find himself, either for business or pleasure, in the metropolis without a club or a fixed residence, had only two courses open to him: he must either dine at the hotel where he was staying or some other, or at an eating-house. In all the West End, with the exception of Verrey's, in Regent Street, there existed, as far as my knowledge goes, no restaurant worthy of the name; the nearest point where anything of the kind was to be found being the Haymarket and its immediate neighbourhood. Of eating-houses, such as they were, there was no lack, especially in the Strand, and the smaller streets in the vicinity of the theatres; but even in the best of these, although you were certainly able to satisfy your hunger after a fashion, it could hardly be said that you dined. When I was a youngster, profiting by an occasional visit to town for the purpose of sight-seeing, and passing my evenings regularly at one or other of the theatres, I fancy I was not over particular how or where I dined, provided that I was in time for the rising of the curtain; but I have, nevertheless, a lively recollection of the mustard-stained tablecloths and unsavoury fare which I was gregarious enough to prefer to the dreary solitude of a hotel coffee-room. Two of these establishments I especially remember, one in Bow Street, very similar in appearance to the locality described in "Bleak House," where Mr. Smallweed presided over the dinner paid for by Mr. Guppy, and displayed such marvellous acumen in the selection of the viands. I doubt, however, whether so unusual a dainty as "marrow puddings" ever graced the bill of fare, which was monotonous in the extreme; nor can I venture to affirm with any degree of certainty that the officiating handmaid who invariably mistook orders, and was afflicted with the chronic weakness of confounding roast leg of mutton with boiled beef, bore the baptismal name of "Polly." The other delectable place of resort was in the Strand, not far distant, if my memory be correct, from Adam Street; there the customers were ordinarily regaled with veal, and were moreover confined in separate boxes with wooden benches so narrow that, in order to preserve the necessary equilibrium, an upright attitude was indispensable.

I have already said that at certain hotels, few in number and mostly exorbitant in price, non-resident strangers had the option of dining; of these the Clarendon, the only place in London where a passable French dinner could be obtained, was incomparably the best. I remember having been told by the popular cosmopolite Johnny Bushe (son of the Chief Justice), who was present on the occasion, of a banquet given there in honour of some foreign potentate by Lord Sefton, Lord Chesterfield, and three or four more, the bill for which exceeded a hundred pounds, "and, to tell ye the truth," said Bushe, with his cheery Hibernian accent, "we could have had a better one at the Café de Paris for half the money." Generally speaking, however, people were chary of profiting by the costly privilege afforded them by the Bond Street caravansery, and preferred the more genial atmosphere of Limmer's, where a really good plain dinner could always be had at a moderate figure.

As for the ladies, they fared worse than the men, for they had literally no resource beyond the meagre provender of their hotel; in the daytime they managed pretty well with the aid of the pastry-cooks, Farrance's, then still existing at the corner of Spring Gardens, being a great card to them; but for their dinners they were entirely dependent on what their landlord chose to give them, and what that usually was, Mrs. Gore, who published, in 1844, an exhaustive magazine article on the subject, most circumstantially tells us. "The first object of the hotel-keeper is to purchase vast services of iron-stone china and plated dishes and covers, which, when the families under his roof are sufficiently frantic or unfortunate to dine at home, he fills with parsley beds, in the centre of which are discoverable a thin slice of cod or salmon, or a couple of fried whittings, a few chips of cutlets, a starveling cat, roasted rabbit-wise, or a brace of sparrows deluged in parsley and butter, designated in the bill-of-fare as pigeons or chickens. . . . Another important part of his business is to take care that the dinners are not too appetising; that the bread be stale enough, the Stilton new enough, the lamb old, the mutton going, the beef coarse, the coffee weak, the viands strong!"

Even the residents in London had little to boast of in the shape of luxurious fare; the clubs were then comparatively few, and with rare exceptions catered for by a second-rate cook; while in the majority of private houses the old routine of ponderous joints and well-peppered soups was scrupulously adhered to. In nine cases out of ten, Talleyrand's remark that the English had fifty religions



1. The Obstacle Race.—2. Irregular Uniform of the Regulars.—3. Ethiopian Volunteers.
VOLUNTEER ATHLETIC SPORTS AT PORTSMOUTH



A GOOD DAY'S WORK IN THE COVERS—COUNTING THE BAG



Atwin Woon Kyouk Myouk Myo Ton Min (Chief Ambassador)

THE RECENT EMBASSY FROM THE KING OF BURMAH TO THE VICEROY OF INDIA

and one sauce was, as far as the latter condiment was concerned, fully borne out by the fact; the same flavoured accompaniment doing duty for fish, flesh and fowl. The wines mostly preferred were port, sherry, hock, and Sneyd's claret; the days of Moët and la Veuve Clicquot were yet to come, the only individual within my recollection who never dined without still champagne being Colonel Berkeley, afterwards Lord Fitzhardinge. The primitive habits still prevailed of asking every one at table to take wine, and of removing the cloth at dessert; the after-dinner sittings were long and tedious, snuff-boxes were handed round with every fresh bottle, and when an adjournment at length took place, most of the party were more disposed for a nap than for drawing-room conversation. Evening dress was of course *de rigueur*, except in the case of one notable and privileged personage, who by common consent was permitted to dispense with the formality; this was Lord Brougham. I once met him at Gore House, and not being aware of his abhorrence of ceremony, was rather astonished by d'Orsay's offering to bet that he would appear in his morning coat and traditional "checks;" he had, however, scarcely uttered the words when the door opened, and in walked the ex-Chancellor, attired precisely according to the description given; and I may parenthetically record that, from the time he entered the room to his final adieu to our hostess, he talked incessantly on every conceivable subject, and kept us in a perpetual state of merriment by his quaintness and originality.

I need not dwell longer on "things as they were," nor is it necessary to add more than one concluding observation with reference to "things as they are." We know not what changes and ameliorations the future may bring forth, but from the foregoing slight sketch of the culinary deficiencies under which our predecessors laboured, we may at least congratulate ourselves that we fare better than they did, and—provided that we have money in our pockets—are in no danger of being compelled, like Mr. Sponge in the farce, to pass our afternoons in the solution of the all-important problem, "Where shall I dine?"

CHARLES HERVEY

A HIGHLAND HARVEST HOME

It was the last year the master was to have the farm, and the workmen wondered whether as usual they were to have a "harvest home." One morning, however, the grievance (*Anglicæ*, farm-bailiff), with all due gravity, and as if it were a matter of his own resolving, told the men that they must work hard and have harvest work finished before their neighbours, or there would be no such thing. But the men knew the grievance's failing, and by hinting that for such things they were about as much indebted to him as to the master, they got him to tell them that he had been ordered to get all things necessary for the usual "home." The good news soon spread, and the approaching *fête* was the talk of the place. The workmen's wives looked out and mended their best dresses, the boys thought of the eatables, and the lasses of the dancing, which they now practised for an hour nightly, even after they had worked ten, eleven, or twelve hours in the fields.

The bailiff's family and the village baker are meanwhile busy getting ready currant loaves, cakes, and pies, for there are well-nigh a hundred mouths to fill, and it would be an ugly blot on the master's fair fame if anything ran short. Thursday evening is the time fixed, and by hook or by crook the last sheaf must be in by that time. And it is. By seven o'clock men, women, and children decked out in their "braws" crowd to the spacious granary, and soon arrange themselves along both sides of a long table, which is covered with a plenteous portion of good things, which make the young teeth water, but as it has, during the past few days, been fifty times impressed on the youngsters that they must not touch anything till grace has been said, they sit in expectant silence. After a few minutes it is announced to the bailiff that the boilers of tea are ready, and forthwith with solemn face he comes to the perpendicular and "said grace," during which a number of young minds have made secret resolutions as to the particular slice they are to help themselves to at the earliest possible opportunity. But there is no need to fix on a large one, as all are liberally helped, and more than once to "the lashings of cookies and tea." When it was evident that all had a *quantum suffi*, the bailiff rose, and from a black bottle filled a glass of pure undiluted "mountain dew." Before he partook of any of it, however, he treated the audience to a twenty minutes' oration, in the course of which he lauded his master and mistress for their many kind and good deeds, and particularly for their kindness in affording them this enjoyable "harvest home." In conclusion, he said, "I am sorry to inform you that this is likely to be the last harvest home we shall have from our dear master and mistress, let us therefore drink their good health, and hope that many other masters may follow their good example." Amid the cheers that followed he emptied his glass. The bottle and glass were then passed from one to another in loving-cup fashion. Some of the men who were willing, and thought themselves able, rose and made a speech, or proposed a toast before partaking of theirs, to the evident chagrin of those below them. The great majority, however, took theirs with a quiet "*Do chlaime mhaire*" (Gaelic for "I wish your good health"). When all had partaken, cheerfulness is the order of the day, and the announcement that the piper and fiddler were ready to supply music to those who wished to join the dancing was received with cheers. Then followed a rush down the granary stairs and across the yard to the barn. This barn is long, lofty, and wide, and the three paraffin lamps hung on the walls scarcely give light enough to show the inequalities on a floor which is composed of the famous two-inch-thick Caithness pavement. At the one end was a small table, and on the table a chair on which sat a fiddler, who had divested himself of his coat that music might not be wanting when the fun became "fast and furious." Along the other three sides of the barn seats were arranged for the convenience of dancers and on-lookers. The master and mistress now arrived, and quietly took their places near the fiddler's seat. For their benefit the bailiff produced the black bottle and glass, and again went over the granary oration, but this time with rather less fluency, as he knew the master would be able to find fault with his grammar, for if master were not a great scholar how could he have written so many letters to the newspapers anent matters agricultural?

To the compliments and cheers the master replied in a modest fashion, and so much did they go in for cheering him, that it was only a fearful scowl from the bailiff that kept them from giving a lusty cheer when he said that this was likely to be their last "harvest home" from him. But not all the scowling of which he was capable could keep them from raising a great cheer when they were complimented on their nice looks and general good appearance.

When more whisky had been dispensed all round the fiddler struck up the music for a "Highland reel." The master took the bailiff's wife, and the bailiff, after looking round to see that all were noticing him, took up the mistress, and fifty lads following suit were up on the floor with their lasses. Soon the dusky room was a scene of the wildest excitement. The men, with arms flung in the air, danced two steps of the "Highland fling," and then, with a snapping of fingers, and a shouting of "*reel*" or "*Ho!*" they "*reeled*" after their partners to the other side of the room, and there repeated the same manœuvre. Thus they go on for half-an-hour, and would for another hour, only by some mishap a fiddlestring broke. Before beginning another dance the master wished to hear a Gaelic song, and at once a young man of powerful lungs gave a pathetic Gaelic version of "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" and to show his goodwill sang "*Ho ro mi nighean bhotach*" without waiting to be encored. And thus with dance and song, with plenty of cake,

conversation lozenges, and whisky, the night went swiftly by, and it was only consideration for the horses that made them break up at half-past five in the morning, all agreeing that "master" was a "jolly good fellow," and wishing that he might get a new lease, that they "might meet some other day" at his "Harvest Home."

A. P.



MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—A song which will find favour with young singers on account of its tunelessness and tender queries is "Will You Forget?" written and composed by Gerard Bendall and Adela Tindal; it is of medium compass.—Two sets of waltzes, by Emile Waldeufel, are "La Venetienne," which is one of the prettiest and most original that this versatile composer has ever written; and "Au Printemps," which has found favour when played by military and other good bands, but is only of average merit.—"Danse des Fées" and "Springtime Revels," the former by Hugh Clendon, the latter by Edward Harper, have earned public favour chiefly through the medium of military bands; they are fairly well arranged for the pianoforte.—The funny frontispiece of "The Br'er Rabbit Polka," lithographed by Hanhart, attracts attention to the music by A. Tyndal, which is of a very ordinary type.—"The Christmas Number of the *Musical Bijou*" contains nine fairly good specimens of dance music: "The Garden Party Polka" and "The Princess Toto Quadrilles," by Charles Godfrey; "The Princess Toto Lancers" and "The Bon-Bon Polka," by Rudolph Herzen; "The Grelots Polka," by R. de Vilbac; and "La Reine des Papillons Valse," by Georges Lamothe; "The Boccaccio Quadrilles," by Strauss; a Polka on airs from the same popular opera, arranged by J. M. Coward; and the "Nina Valse," by Emile Waldeufel. This number is a very cheap shilling's-worth.

MESSRS. SAMUEL BREWER AND CO.—A very instructive and comprehensive series of Musical Catechisms, by John Hiles, are "A Catechism for the Pianoforte Student," designed for the use of schools and the assistance of teachers.—For more advanced students, and even for those who are engaged in teaching, "Hiles' Catechism of Harmony, Thorough Bass, and Modulation," with its companion "Key to the Exercises," will prove of very great assistance.—Nos. 16, 17, and 18 of "Sabbath Recreations," a collection of sacred airs arranged by J. Pridham, keep up their interest and fulfil their purpose well. The first-named has a picture of Wells Cathedral. Its contents are an anthem by Kent for the pianoforte, and a vocal hymn by J. Pridham; the next has a very good lithograph of Winchester Cathedral. Its musical contents are "The Dead March in Saul," "Judge Me, O Lord," vocal (Mozart), and "Minuetto," by Corelli.—The third is Gloucester Cathedral, the best drawn of the three; it contains an abstract from "Corelli's Sixth Sonata," "God, Our Daily Refuge," a hymn by Wesley (Mozart), and an extract from "Corelli's Ninth Sonata."—"Morning Leaves" is a showy pianoforte piece by Michael Watson.—The exterior of the "The Coquette Polka," by John Pridham, and "The Livadia Polka," by P. von Tugginer, are far more attractive than their musical contents.

F. PITMAN.—Two fairly good specimens of dance music, by W. E. Helbin, are "Maiglöckchen Galop" and "Die Erste Liebe Valse." Both have very pretty frontispieces.—"Beautiful Snow" valse is bright and dance-inspiring, as may be looked for from a composer named H. C. Godfrey.

A. COX.—Three songs which will prove useful additions to a singer's portfolio, written and composed by Fay Axtens and Humphrey J. Stark, are "After the Rain," compass from F first space to G above the lines.—"Love's Serenade," for a tenor, and "The Awakening," for a baritone.—Two spirited pieces for the pianoforte, by F. Croft, are "The English Patrol March" and "The National Flag March."

MISCELLANEOUS.—Two songs by Joseph P. Knight, are, the one of a sacred character, "Where Is Thy Place of Rest?" smoothly written, and full of devotional feeling, and "Chateaur," a very obscure poem by an unknown hand; an explanatory preface would prove an advantage to this song, the music of which is worthy of more lucid words (Messrs. W. Morley and Co.).—A tenor in search of a medium through which to express his love will find it in "Love's Shadow," a very sentimental song, written and composed by Chas. J. Rowe, music by Alois Volkner.—"Les Clochettes," by Aug. Buhl, is a useful piece of an ordinary type, which should be learnt by heart.—"La Chaperone Valse," by G. J. Rubini, and "Curiosité," a sketch for the pianoforte, by Leonard Gautier, are fairly good specimens of their school (Messrs. Amos and Shuttleworth).—Organists will find "March," by Walter Chitty, for organ or piano, playable, and to be recommended for its brevity (Joseph Williams).—Pleasing, though commonplace, is "When Love is Nigh," a serenade written and composed by E. Oxenford and P. de Faye (John A. Mills).—Martial and boastful songs are now very much to the fore. "The Clarion," written and composed by E. Oxenford and T. H. Morgan, is one of the best examples of its school, and will prove a decided success when sung by a baritone with spirit and energy (B. Williams).—"When Love is Nigh," for which E. Oxenford has supplied the poetry, and P. de Faye the music is a pleasing song published in A flat and F (John A. Mills).—It requires a very practised hand and judicious care to paraphrase sacred words, in themselves admirable compositions. "Fides" would have done well to choose some other theme on which to exercise his poetical powers than the Collect for the First Sunday in Advent, and "Thor" not to set it to music of so unsingable and unsuitable a style. We hope to meet with these two collaborators again under more favourable circumstances (Messrs. J. and W. Chester, Brighton).

ABOUT CHILDREN

ONE evening, not so long since, I sat comfortably in a easy chair at the house of a friend of mine—one of the most brilliant editors in the world. We had had tea in the sunset, and the quiet of twilight had fallen over the gardens and the formal streets; perhaps, also, it had crept into our hearts. We sat there, the brilliant editor and I, with cigarettes which we made with "unpremeditated art," and enjoyed undisturbed, even by the thunder of a near railway. We discussed in earnest tones themes of lofty art, and literature, and music; and in the midst of a most interesting digression—twilight talks are nothing if not digressive—on the comparative merits of the passionate Berlioz, and the clever but execrable Wagner, we were interrupted by the brilliant editor's wife.

Now this lady is as kind as her husband is brilliant; and she is one of the pleasantest persons I know. But on this particular occasion she was in a state of dogmatic excitement. It wasn't exactly frenzy, for there was a sort of benevolent exultation in her eye; but she was breathless and extatic. "Oh! Will!" she cried, "it is such a lovely babe! So plump, and such funny curly hair; and d'you know, they're so superstitious, I was obliged to carry it upstairs. I did it whilst the nurse went down for a minute,

and she didn't know!" The brilliant editor had become an uncle.

I must say he bore the infliction with great good humour. He inquired the sex of the new-comer, and seemed pleased when he heard it was a boy; in short he behaved generally as an uncle should under the circumstances. But long before the evening ended I came to regard this abnormal increase of the population as an unmitigated nuisance. Of course I showed a polite interest in the event; but more than that, I humbly submit, could not be expected of me. However, that remarkable infant effectually damped the proceedings, so far as I was concerned. The brilliant editor, to do him justice, certainly tried to keep the conversation away from him; but his efforts were futile. That wret—beg pardon, blessed baby, appeared at irregular intervals; and at his presence Beethoven, Milton, and Millet slunk away into the dark; talk on any other subject was impossible. The wife did it—if she will forgive me for saying so. Criticism, wit, humour; her husband's epigrams and my humble and furtive remarks, sank to astounding insignificance in her estimation; and I could see, from the far-off look in her eyes (very nice eyes, by the way) that her soul was away in a certain room, where an amiable and interesting person lay quiet with a bundle of bulbous-headed rosy plumpness, and "funny curly hair," and uncommon lusty lungs. And so every now and then, *à propos* of nothing but her own thoughts and feelings, she murmured with half suppressed delight: "Such a lovely babe!" I think I said, "Bother the babe!"

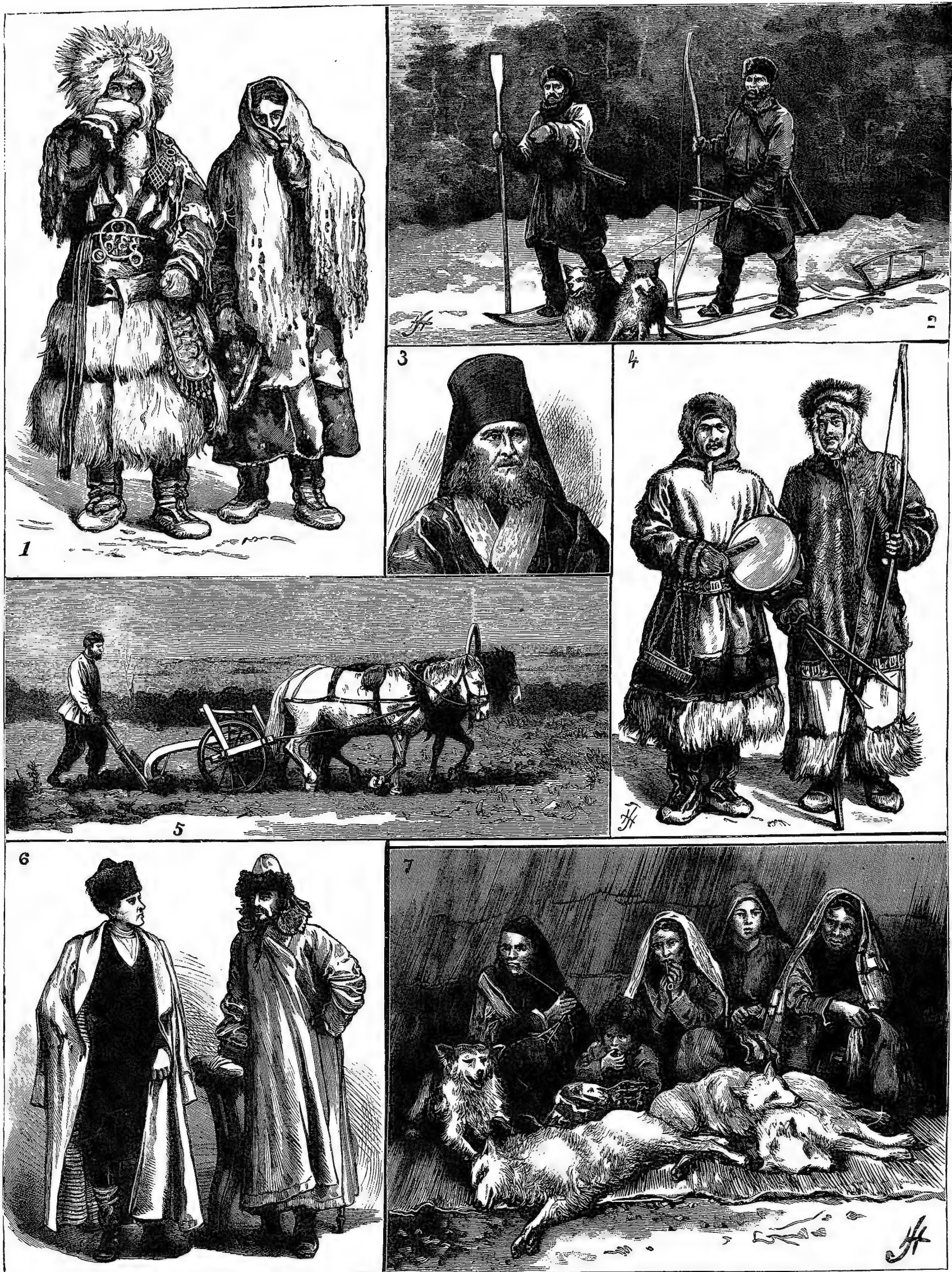
Well; I forgive her. For though I do not like the babe in the blind and babbling stage, when it has a tendency to slobber, and "go for" nothing in particular, I do think children of a certain age are the prettiest and most refreshing objects in this world. Of course there are children and children. Some are hateful and some are pitiable; but all things considered these are comparatively few. There are some children who are mere vulgar abominations, whom all astute and reasonable beings do well to avoid if they can, which is doubtful; and there are some, the wizened pale-faces of the slums, whom one's heart aches to see. But the mass of children are interesting and pretty in one way or another, and not a few are very loveable indeed. I remember a delightful vision of three in a dirty and rather degraded neighbourhood, one sunshiny morning in the spring: three tiny girls, with the prettiest feet conceivable, tripping over pavement that ought to have been greenery and flowers. They went hand-in-hand, chatting with shy and innocent charm. I can't describe their dresses, but they were simple enough, and on their heads were those "stocking night-caps" which seem to suit children wonderfully well. From under this primitive head-gear their hair fell about their shoulders and lovely faces, and rippled in the wind as, like so many fairies, they danced gracefully out of sight, amidst the silver music of their laughter and their talk. I watched them, and they seemed to me brighter than the sunshine, and sweeter than the song of a bird in the blue air.

It is easy, no doubt, for the ill-tempered and the dull to say this is an extreme case; but—is it? My experience says it is nothing of the kind, and that if one keeps one's eyes open and one's heart a little warm, such pictures may be discovered any day and any hour from school time in the morning till sundown, even in this muddy and monotonous metropolis of ours. "Oh," says some superior person, "what about the noisy ones?" Well, I am not unacquainted with this branch of the subject: there is a Board School at the end of my street, and as I write there is going on outside my window a tremendous clatter of iron hoops, and shouts, and laughter, and stentorian weeping—for the little beggars quarrel dreadfully. I candidly admit the disturbance is annoying; I have on occasions delivered myself of sundry anathemas against what I am pleased to call "howling brats;" but, in moments of calm, and comparative meekness, I feel I have been a selfish fool. Boys will be boys, and the boys here (and the girls too for that matter) must play in the street, since they have neither field nor gravelled yard. Besides, haven't I done it myself? Haven't I bowled hoops and pretended to be a steam-engine, whistle and all? Haven't I proclaimed myself a whole regiment of lancers on the strength of a twopenny broomstick? In short, haven't I once upon a time created even a worse din than that which bothers me now? Of course I have, and I'm not certain that I should not like to do it again. And even the noisiest children are interesting, and a lot of them are pretty as well as dirty. Look at them any afternoon waiting for admission to the pleasant grounds of Lincoln's Inn; hundreds of them clustering round the narrow door, eager for the hilarious romp and a roll on the grass. Look at them, too, in swarms in Hyde Park at evening near the Marble Arch, having rare, if boisterous, fun. Watch them, and you will learn a good deal, and laugh still more, for there is a tremendous amount of human nature in children.

A few weeks ago I spent a brief holiday at Margate, which is, without exception, the vulgarest place I know. It seems to be the special resort of the Duke and Duchess of Whitechapel. Mr. Moses Houndsditch also, in portentous apparel, suns himself on the cliff, and watches (through an opera-glass) the too-substantial figure of the Marchioness of Mile End disporting herself in what he facetiously calls "the briny." The adult visitors, in short, exert a kind of bloated depression upon one's spirits; and if it were not for the bracing air, the dogs, and the children, life at Margate would not be worth living. The children: they were simply charming. The most delightful little angels, playing every imaginable game; walking sedately with their pompous mammas or their indifferent nursemaids; listening with infantile rapture to nigger-minstrels of the most shameless type; performing on the sands pretty and fantastic feats, wholly incomprehensible to the sophisticated mind of the grown-up superior person; and driving with inimitable unconscious grace in goat-carriages, or riding with infinite appreciation the meek donkey. Hundreds of them every day; brown as berries, and bright-eyed; all smiles and pretty ways, and fun and frolic, and inexhaustible zest; running hither and thither, climbing rails, or paddling with bare limbs in the sea, always attractive, always gladdening to the eye and the heart—what, indeed, were Margate without the children? Or any other place?

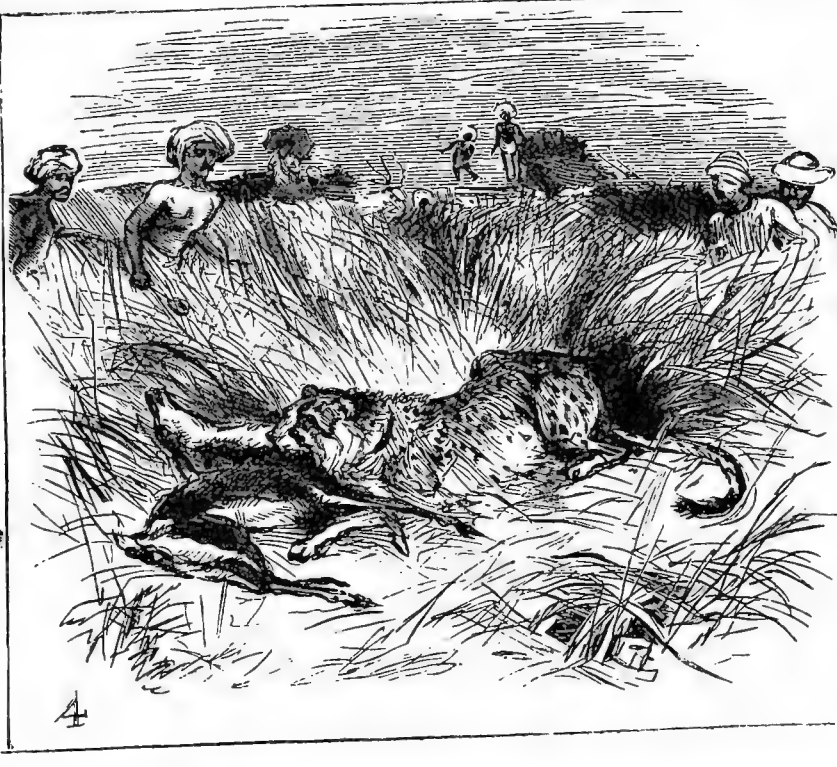
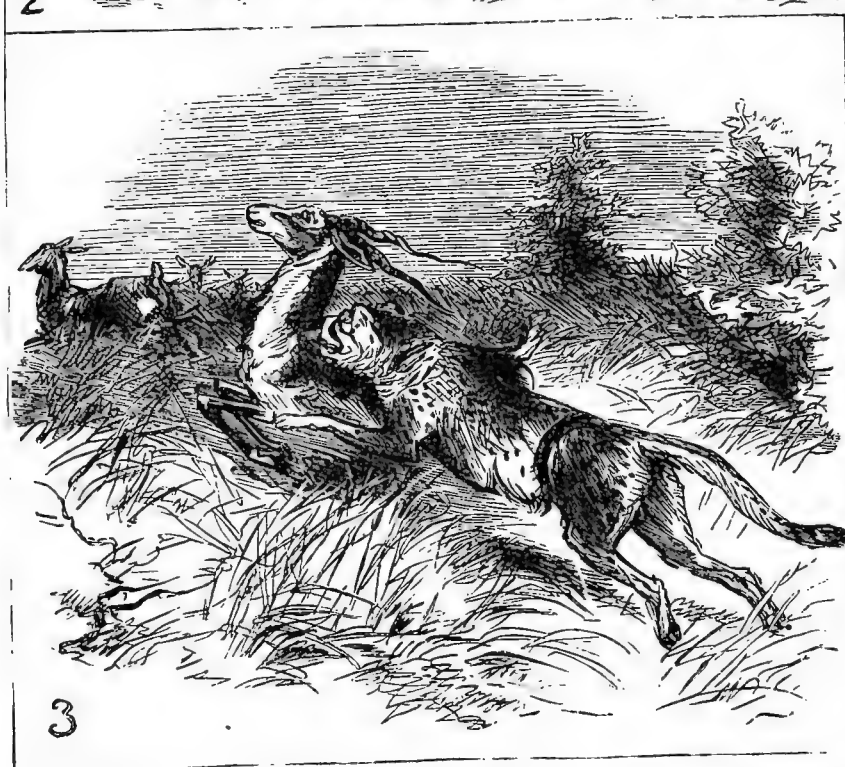
But there is a curious difference between seaside and inland children. Those I have seen on the coast are full of exuberant animal spirits; those of the interior, of the Midland villages of Leicestershire, and Rutland, and Northampton, though not without mischief and fun, are comparatively solemn folk and given to silence. They stare at you as you pass through the rambling streets of their pastoral hamlets, with a stare that is not so much a stare as a grave and wondering regard. They are fine chubby little people, with bonny brown faces and blue eyes, and curling sunny hair. They look at one with a quiet wonder that sometimes breaks into a sweet, shy smile; so that one longs to be able to paint them as they are, which is as they never have been, and probably never will be, painted. One little incident I treasure up amongst the brightest of my memories: Once, when walking on the country side with some one very dear to me, we passed through a tiny village which had sprung up near a famous granite quarry in Leicestershire. As we went down the main street, there toddled out from the door of one of the cottages a little three-year-old with bare feet and poor and scanty clothes, but with wonderful solemn eyes of azure, and flaxen hair. His skin was an incomparable brown; and he looked at us with characteristic shy regard. We smiled upon him, and so would have passed him by; but, with childish timid grace and dumb simplicity, he held out his chubby hand and offered me a flower. It was a single blossom of geranium, culled from the tiny plot in front of his home; I accepted it, and—did I give him a penny? Yes. And a kiss as well.

H. V. B.



1. Yurak Samoyede Man and Woman.—2. Russian Peasant Exiles on the Obi.—3. The Archbishop of Krasnoiarsk on the Yenesei.—4. Yurak Shaman or Priest, and Huntsman.—5. Siberian Ploughing.—6. Siberian Merchant and Tartar Gentleman Exile.—7. Samoyede Women and Dogs.

SOME NATIONAL TYPES IN WESTERN SIBERIA



1. The Start.—2. The Find.—3. The Spring.—4. The Death.

INDIA—HUNTING BLACK BUCK WITH THE CHEETAH IN BARODA

It is this attitude of the hotel keeper towards his guests that accounts for that wonderful phenomenon, the dinner-table peach. One stopping at an hotel, either in Switzerland or North Italy, need not be gifted with exceptional powers of observation as he looks round the table at dessert time to know who are new-comers, and who were here yesterday. All that is required is to watch the dish of peaches as it goes round. To the man or woman born in Northern climates there never were on sea or land peaches like to these. As big as an ordinary apple, blushing rosy red at finding themselves in such good company, it seems as if the luscious fruit would melt in the mouth. The new-comer almost greedily grasps the peach, thankful of the chance that has brought it to his turn. Any who were at dinner yesterday emphatically shake their heads as the gross impostors are carried round. They know that a turnip would be soft and juicy and sweet as compared with these freaks of nature.

It is said a Swiss or Italian hotel keeper gets in at the beginning of the season forty of these peaches, and that they last till the end of the season, however crowded it may have been. At Bellaggio I sat next to a man at dinner whom I observed eyeing the dish of peaches. I thought he was going to take one, and felt a kind of pity for his innocence; presently he selected a peach from the dish, and turning it over, carefully examined it. "I thought so," I heard him mutter as he put it back. Later in the evening he told me he had been at the same hotel in May last. He had then seen a peach which he thought he recognised from the previous year. He accordingly marked it, as salmon are sometimes marked and thrown back into the stream. And lo! here in September was the peach still blushing shyly in the depths of the dish. This kind of thing would not be stood *en pension*, where there is always some old stager ready to make himself the spokesman of discontent. He may be, and generally is, the man of 300*l.* a year, who has sought economical repose in a place like this, and paying less than 100*l.* a year for all cost of living, is quite a rich man on his surplus income.

HENRY W. LUCY



THE TURF.—It is agreed on all hands that a better week's racing has seldom been seen at Newmarket than that of the Second October Meeting. It would have been simply perfect but for meteorological drawbacks. The Champion Stakes resulted in a dead heat between Tristan and Thebais (divided), with Dutch Oven third, only a neck behind. Glen Albion was slipped for the Autumn Handicap, and starting first favourite won it in a field of five. Kermesse made short work of Royelle and Little Sister in the Newmarket Oaks, and if all goes well with her she will be at the top of the tree among the three-year-olds. Only a few months ago she was in slings with a split pastern, and her revival is a triumph for the veterinary art, and a reward for patience. The victory of Hagioscope in Her Majesty's Plate, when he beat Chippendale, Edelweiss, and four others, showed his return to his best form, and after his recent prowess in the North, it is rather strange that he started at such long odds as 8 to 1. Lord Rosebery was to the fore on the last day of the meeting, winning the Third Welter with Roysterer and the Prendergast Stakes with Bonnie Jean. The Fifth Great Challenge Stakes for all ages produced a field of seven, and the victory of Mr. Crawford's two-year-old Energy over Tristan, Scobell, and Nellie, is an evidence that the youngsters of this season are a very smart lot, as Energy can hardly be credited with a high place among them. The Newmarket Derby, the penultimate event of the meeting, gave us another taste of Shrewsbury's quality, as, carrying 8st. 4lbs., he beat Palermo, 8st. 3lbs., and Dutch Oven, 9st., while Sweetbread and Gareth, each 8st. 10lbs., were behind the three. This performance naturally brought him up several points for the Cambridge-shire, and he was backed for a good deal of money before Saturday evening at 5 to 1. Since then, owing to unfavourable rumours, he has been driven back in the market, and at one time he seemed almost "in the cart," but he has recovered again, and at the time of making these jottings has been re-established at the head of the poll, his quotation being 6 to 1. The greatest change in the market has been in reference to Abbotsford (late Mistake) who, on the strength of the report of having had the best of a spin with Lowland Chief and others of C. Archer's string, has advanced to 10 to 1, a price at which Hackness is also quoted. Great doubts seem still to exist as to whether Thebais, Buchanan, or St. Marguerite will be the chosen champion of Mr. Crawford's lot, but one of them seems sure to make a big bid for the important handicap of next week at headquarters. On recent public running Shrewsbury should win, but it must not be forgotten that Abbotsford ran very prominently in the Cesarewitch to the bushes, and he has for the Cambridgeshire a 7lb. pull on the weights over Shrewsbury. As an outsider Lord Rosebery's Cameliard seems worthy of remembrance. A pretty good field is likely to come to the post, and in such a scurry backers of favourites at short prices do not generally make fortunes. —The racing this week at Croydon, Four Oaks, and Sandown does not call for comment, as it partakes rather of the character of an interlude between the two great Newmarket gatherings.

COURSING.—With the Ridgway Club (Lytham) Meeting the coursing season may be said to have fairly set in. Some well-known owners were among the prize winners, and the strength of several kennels may have been thus early foreshadowed. Lord Sefton with Strange Bedford and Earl Haddington with Horse Guard divided the North Lancashire Stakes for Dog Puppies; and the South Lancashire for Puppies of the fair sex were divided between Mr. J. Bragg's Boon and Mr. W. Deighton's Demoiselle.

FOOTBALL.—For the English Association Cup the Darwen Ramblers have beaten South Shore by five goals to two.—In other recent Association Games Nottingham Forest has beaten Blackburn Olympic by a goal to "love"; the Blackburn Rovers have beaten Wednesday Old Athletics; and Darwen and Bolton Wanderers have played a draw.—In Rugby Union games, the Rangers have proved superior to Queen's Park, Glasgow; and the Clapham Rovers to Walthamstow.

LACROSSE.—This game seems to have made a vigorous start for its season, which in England must now be considered the winter months. In Ireland it is regarded as a summer game; but it can be played all the year round. Probably the difficulty of obtaining good grounds during the cricket season has with us driven it mainly into the winter months.—Among recent games may be mentioned that between London and Kensington, which opened the regular season in the South. Kensington being a young club had no chance with London, but it showed some excellent play.

CRICKET.—The Australian team which lately left us have commenced their return journey campaign well by beating eighteen American cricketers. Their stay in America, however, will not be a long one, as they will soon have to meet the Hon. Ivo Bligh's team, now *en route* for Australia.

AQUATICS.—The Sculling Handicap of the Thames Rowing Club has been won by F. Canton (15 sec. start), from thirteen competitors. Canton was stroke of the Thames R.C. in its late match with the Hillsdale crew.—The Hanlan and Ross match, which was to have been rowed in America two months hence, has

been postponed till next June, when Hanlan is also to row Kennedy, an ambitious sculler, who has not yet made any special mark.—In Australia Michael Rush has beaten both Trickett and Laycock.

TRICYCLING.—The Five Miles Amateur Tricycling Championship, contested on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace by some of the best riders of the day, was won by C. E. Liles, of the London Athletic Club, who did the distance in 19 min. 39 2-5 sec.



THE OCTOBER SESSIONS OF THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT commenced on Monday. Among the 128 cases for trial were several of a very serious character, including four charges of murder and twenty burglaries. The trial of the German baker, Franz Felix Stumm, was adjourned till the next Sessions, on the application of the Public Prosecutor, and a similar postponement was granted in the case of William Brookshaw, who was brought up before the police magistrate the other day on a charge of sending a threatening letter to the Prince of Wales. In the letter the Prince was told that if he did not send the writer 10*l.* to enable him to go to one of the Colonies, he would be served like Lord Frederick Cavendish. On Tuesday William Goodwin, the Balham burglar, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, besides the unfulfilled portion of a previous sentence.

THE ANNUAL PROVINCIAL MEETING OF THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY was opened at Hull last Tuesday, with an address from Mr. Payne, in which ample justice was done to the progress of Law Reform in the last fifty years. Opinions were subsequently expressed that the Long Vacation might reasonably be shortened, and in favour of the extension of County Courts.

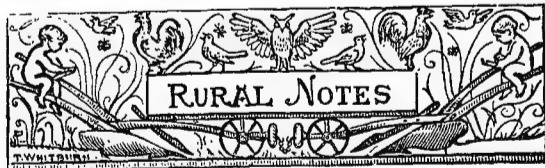
AT THE MANSION HOUSE on Friday there were some curious conflicts of opinion when a Mr. Wild was brought by his brother before Alderman Owden upon a charge of being a lunatic at large. Mr. Wild, it seems, had become director of a gold mine, and had told his friends that he was going to make forty millions out of it, and that 1,004 ounces of gold had been extracted from only 8 tons of ore. More than this, he had bought two new houses, a horse out of a cab, and some bull-dogs, and had alarmed Messrs. Taylor and Son, the mining agents, of Queen Street Place, by going to their place of business with a revolver. To all this Mr. Wild replied by calling on a co-director, Mr. Butler Johnstone, M.P., who declared that there was no exaggeration in the statements concerning the mine, that bull-dogs were most valuable watchdogs in the Far West, and that to buy horses out of cabs was both a natural and a common thing to do. But the exhibition of the revolver and the concurrent testimony of medical men could not be got over, and Mr. Wild, who was about, so counsel hinted, to put all he had in the new mine, was handed over to the custody of his brother.

A SINGULAR POINT OF LAW was raised for the first time in the Salford Police Court, when a furniture-remover was sued by the Manchester Tram Company under Section 23 of the Highways and Locomotive Act for damaging their line by causing an excessive weight to pass over it. The Tram Company are bound to maintain the way for a certain space on either side, and it was urged that this gave them a title under the Act to recover damages. The Court, however, ruled that Section 23 did not apply to Tramways, and dismissed the summons; at the same time they granted leave to state a case for a superior Court.

SENTENCE OF SEVEN YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE was passed this week at East Kent Quarter Sessions upon James Walter for stealing 150*l.*, the property of his master, Charles Wagner. Walter, it may be remembered, was the man who accompanied Wagner's son after the robbery to Ramsgate, where the lad met with his mysterious death.

OLD GRAVEL LANE is not a refined locality, yet even Old Gravel Lane might shudder at the revelations made this week of one of its bakeries. The bread was made in a small room with a darkened window, in which were also kept seventeen fowls, whose feathers and refuse lay an inch deep on the floor; in a back kitchen, also accessible to the fowls, was kept the flour, and at the time of the inspector's visit a row of tarts were lying ready for the oven behind some dirty boards. The owner of this pleasant bakehouse was ultimately fined 5*l.*

THE CONFIDENCE which it has been suggested comes from habitual risk has proved disastrous this week to two members of a class not usually regarded as devoid of caution—a diamond merchant and a jeweller's assistant. The former, a Mr. Gompertz, thrown off his guard by a false letter of introduction, thought nothing of entrusting 800*l.* to his customer while the latter went into another room to fetch the diamonds, and it is needless to say did not return. In the latter case, a man, who professed to be an assistant of Messrs. Attenborough, called at Messrs. Welby's to say his employers wanted some brilliants. An assistant, accompanied by the applicant, proceeded to Messrs. Attenborough's in a cab with 500*l.* worth of jewellery in a bag. On arrival, the stranger went in alone leaving the assistant outside. Presently he came out, hatless, and asked for the bag, which the unsuspecting youth handed him, and went away. Shortly afterwards the stranger disappeared with the diamonds, and has not been seen since. The plunderer of Mr. Gompertz was fortunately arrested when on the point of leaving with a first-class ticket for the Continent.



ENGLISH CORN is now selling at very moderate terms. The average price for wheat is 39*s.* 2*d.* on 54,806 qrs., against 47*s.* 1*d.* on 61,378 qrs. in 1881. Barley makes 34*s.* only, and the large quantity of 76,770 qrs. was sold last week at this price. In the corresponding week of 1881 the sales of barley were 43,812 qrs. at 34*s.* 9*d.* per qr. Oats are down to 19*s.* 1*d.*, one of the lowest average quotations within living memory. The sales are normal in quantity. After the good harvest of 1878 the price of wheat went down to 39*s.* 3*d.*, but barley kept at 40*s.* 4*d.*, oats at 22*s.* 2*d.* The present outlook for farmers is most discouraging, and with present prices the satisfactory harvest appears to have been grown in vain. Farmers do not grow corn on high philanthropic principles, but in order to make a living. And that at present prices they cannot do.

SCOTTISH FARMERS.—A dismal complaint is being raised with regard to the "extirpation" of the small farmers or crofters of Scotland. Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, writing to *The Times*, says "they are fleeing from a condition of existence which has become intolerable. Their grazing ground has been taken from them, and they have no grass for the cow that gave them milk for their porridge or potatoes." This is declared to be "a grievous injury," and it is lamented that "there is practically speaking no rural population in this part of the kingdom equivalent to the Scotch crofter." If "this part of the kingdom" refers to Portland Place, from which Mr. Macfarlane's letter is dated, we are inclined to

think that there is much truth in his latter observation. As regards the former, the fact really appears to be this. The peasant farmers of many parts of Scotland have only been able to maintain themselves by the free use of their richer neighbours' grazing lands. Now that farming is becoming more scientific, and properties are being made the most of by their owners, this loose view of the laws of *metum* and *trum* meets with unfortunate, but inevitable rebuke. The crofter system has been living on sufferance. The holdings have not been supporting their occupiers, and, when the use of other people's land is withdrawn, the fact becomes sternly apparent. It is sad to see a class disappearing and a "type" becoming extinct, but we have learnt that it is no good to resuscitate artificial classes and types which are lacking in inherent vitality.

THE IRISH AGRICULTURAL RETURNS show a decline of 1,074 acres in the wheat area, of 22,650 acres in the barley area, of 666 acres in beans and peas, of 17,374 acres of potatoes, of 1,234 acres of turnips, 8,532 mangel-wurzel, 737 carrots, and 1,547 tares. In flax there has been a decline from 147,145 acres to 113,502 acres, about 30 per cent.; while 39,256 acres of meadow and clover have ceased to be cultivated. More dismal figures could hardly be imagined, and on the other side we have nothing better to set than an increase of 3,992 acres under oats, of 8,352 acres of cabbages, and of 72 acres of rye. The nett loss to Irish agricultural cultivation in a single year has been 114,327 acres. The acreages of barley, turnips, mangel-wurzel, carrots, and tares are the smallest of the past five years, while the growth of flax has gone back to its position in 1878, the gain of three years being lost in a single twelvemonth. The good sowing season last autumn and winter materially increased the English cereal acreage, but quite failed to help Ireland or encourage Irish farmers.

FAIRS.—At Leicester October Fair the most exorbitant prices have prevailed for sheep, and buyers have been unable to obtain the stock they wanted at anything approaching reasonable rates.—Croydon Fair was also very dear, sheep ranging 15*s.* to 16*s.* above the prices asked last year.—High prices prevailed at Falkirk October Tryst; and Weyhill Fair—one of the biggest in England—was very dear and decidedly dull.

SUFFOLK.—The excellent Exhibition of the Mutford and Lovingland Agricultural Association, which took place at Lowestoft last week, wound up, as usual, with a public dinner, and there was a good gathering at the Suffolk Hotel to chat over the improved prospects of agriculture and the other leading topics of the day which might with propriety be alluded to without trenching upon politics—ever dangerous ground at mixed meetings. Sir Savile Crossley, of Somerleyton, filled the chair to the general satisfaction, while Lord Rendlesham, M.P., and Colonel Burne, M.P., put in a welcome appearance, and experienced the gratifying reception that their services deserve.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—The Duke of Bedford is one of the comparatively few noblemen owning great estates in the district whence their titles are derived. To his Bedfordshire agricultural tenants he has remitted an average of about 20 per cent. of the rents for three or four years past, and this is now regarded as a permanent depreciation in the tithing value of his land. His Grace allows for clayey, chalky, marling, and liming on a seven years' sliding scale, while cotton, rape, and linseed cake are duly compensated to the outgoing tenant.

WILTSHIRE.—Old customs connected with the land are not yet entirely extinct. In the parish of Longbridge Deverill, the Church lands are always let in open Vestry, the parishioners having the option of bidding for them whilst a piece of candle an inch in length is consumed, a process which occupies about half an hour. An existing tenancy being about to expire, this peculiar plan was followed last week, and the lands were let for a term of seven years, but at a reduction on the previous rental of 50 per cent.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—There is little novelty in the Annual Exhibition of Photographs now being held in the Rooms of the Society of Water Colour Painters, Pall Mall, and we certainly cannot compliment the exhibitors on any great artistic improvement during the past year. The photographs are good, and worth looking at, but so they were last year, while the subjects chosen show no more originality. Yachts at anchor and in full sail, avenues of trees in picturesque districts, the ordinary every-day professional photographer's portraits, shutter views of Ramsgate Sands, form the great bulk of the contributions, and what slight improvement is to be chronicled may be put down to figure studies—we mean figures posed and taken with a view to making the result a complete picture in itself, for many photographers, in taking a subject, are apt to overlook the fact that what picturesqueness that subject may possess is due to its surroundings, and in many cases in no way to the subject itself. This applies more particularly to landscape photographers, who are frequently great sinners on this score. To return, however, to the figure photographs, the gem of the whole Exhibition is undoubtedly "Gloamin'" by Mr. Adam Diston. This is an old woman, worthy of Gerard Dow's pencil, and treated with marvellous light effect. Mr. H. P. Robinson sends clever outdoor studies of peasant girls, one of which, "Wayside Gossip," a pleasing group of homely, chatting, village maidens, has deservedly been awarded a medal. Mr. Joseph Gale has also sent some striking groups of Cornish fishermen, Mr. Frank M. Sutcliffe some capital seaside studies of fisher girls, and Mr. Schüren a good composition entitled "A Study from Faust." There are comparatively few animal photographs, and none equal to the incomparable zoological studies of Mr. Dixon, exhibited last year. Amongst the best are "Rover," by Messrs. J. Chaffin and Son, "Heart of Oak" (a bull), by Mr. W. D. Sanderson; studies of horses by Mr. J. A. Grant; studies from Nature by Mr. Charles Reid; and views on an ostrich farm by H. Manfield. In landscape, as we have said, there is plenty of good work, but little that is striking. The Photographic School of Military Engineering send some good views of Lynmouth, Mr. W. McLeish a talented study of a misty morning on the Wear—quite Turneresque in its effect; while going further afield, Captain Abney and Mr. F. Donkin both send some good Alpine photographs; Mr. W. J. A. Grant some more of his photographs taken on board the *Eira* during her trip in 1880 to Franz Joseph Land; Colonel Stuart-Wortley some curious views in Tahiti; and Mr. F. Beasley, jun., some "Gleanings from the Riviera." In Architecture the Exhibition is lamentably deficient, although there is enough to do both at home and abroad to occupy a whole army of photographers. The interiors, as a rule, are exceedingly poor, except the "Stall Work, Chester Cathedral," by Mr. Silvester Barry, which is one of the best interiors we have ever seen. Mr. Henry Stevens sends some admirable flower studies, Mr. W. R. Marsh some good instantaneous effects of waves at Bognor, Mr. F. Bills three commendable studies of still life, and Mr. Cecil V. Shadbolt a most interesting instantaneous Map Photograph taken from the car of a balloon at a height of 2,000 feet. The Exhibition is well worth a visit, but we would urge upon all knights of the camera, both amateurs and professionals, to devote more attention to the art side of the science than at present appears to be the rule. The technical difficulties are being overcome daily. What the great bulk of photographers lack is that careful Art education which is necessary to make every oil and water-colour painter a successful artist. Without this the photographer is a mere chemical manipulator. What is really needed is a School of Photography, in which at least the grammar of Art should be taught.

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FINE ART ASSOCIATION have much
pleasure in announcing that they will forward free to
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AND
"THE RETURN OF THE
LIFEBOAT."

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in the fact that they are the first society to produce, at
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shall record the gallant deeds of those who are not
alone servants of the National Lifeboat Institution,
but of our great and maritime nation. On our tem-
pestuous and treacherous coasts men almost daily and
hourly, in the face of lashing rains and withering
blasts, go forth and risk their lives to save those who
the shipwrecked sailors, whose cry is heard even above
the howling of the hurricane. If these heroes come
back safe and sound, none are more silent over the
story of their heroism than themselves.

It was on January 5, 1881, that the heart-stirring
incident took place which forms the subject of these
pictures. On that day the Ramsgate Lifeboat "Brad-
ford," manned by a crew of twelve gallant souls, was
taken in tow by the steam tug "Vulcan," and, in the
teeth of a furious gale, proceeded towards the mouth
of Ramsgate Harbour. Reaching the Kentish Knock
Light Vessel, the lifeboat crew were told that a ship
was on shore on the "Long Sands." They tried to
find the ship, but night came on, the gale increased
in fury, and the brave British hearts that throbbed
with anxiety in that lifeboat. Still attended
by the tug, they resolved to heave the boat to till day-
light, and on through the hours of that awful night
they watched for the breaking of the morn. When it
came they espied what was once a noble ship (the
"Indian Chief," of Liverpool), her foremast only
standing. After terrible exertions a line was passed
between the boat and the wreck, along which twelve
almost frozen seamen crawled between the awful seas,
which continually broke over them, and were caught
on board the lifeboat. The lifeboat then sailed across
the sand, through a mountainous sea, and was picked
up by the tug, and towed back to Ramsgate, where
rescuers and rescued arrive at a quarter past two on
the afternoon of the next day.

The foregoing is but a brief sketch of a deed of
daring as gleaned on the spot by our artist, from the
personal narratives of the harbour master at Ramsgate,
who has the charge of the lifeboat, and from mem-
bers of the lifeboat crew, who have, as well as
the crew of the steam tug "Vulcan," severally received
medals from the National Lifeboat Institution for
their bravery, skill, and determination on this
occasion.

It is interesting to know that the lifeboat in question
was presented to Ramsgate by the inhabitants of the
town of Bradford, whence the name of the boat, and the
sturdy Yorkshiremen may be well proud of this,
the most perilous of their lifeboat's perilous journeys
upon the main.

The artist, with a truly inspired touch, has depicted
the going and returning of the boat. We see the
devoted twelve leaving Ramsgate Harbour to face the
fury of the unmanageable waves; and then, at last, we
see the lifeboat homeward bound with the rescued
crew safely on board, leaving the helpless wreck
labouring and sinking in the sands, the boiling
breakers foaming and hissing over and around her.
Pen cannot do justice to the thrilling power with
which the artist has illustrated the incidents of the
memorable day, every detail in these TRUE
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ling vividness. The skilful handling of colour, of
light, and of shade, render these two works perfect
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being exquisitely blended in each picture.

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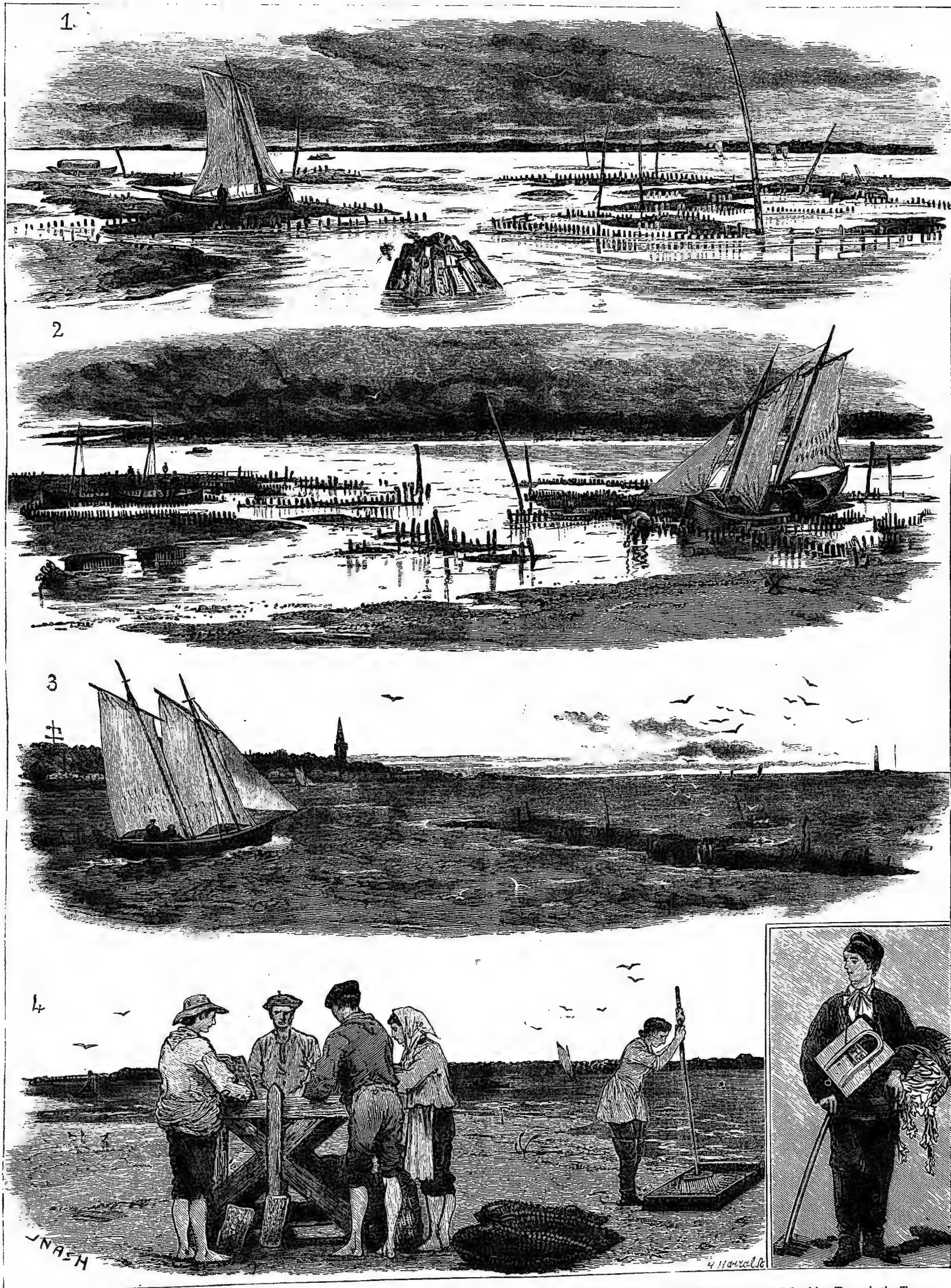
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Application Form. No. 16.
RAMSGATE LIFEBOAT TO THE RESCUE;
and
THE RETURN OF THE LIFEBOAT.

Each picture measuring 28 inches by 17½.

The following is a copy of a letter received from
Captain Braine, Harbour Master at Ramsgate,
and Honorary Secretary of the Royal National Life-
boat Institution:—

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1. The Oyster "Parc" at Half Low Tide, Showing the Tops of the Enclosures.—2. Low Tide, Gathering the Young Oysters.—3. The Oyster "Parcs" Looking Towards the Town.—4. Scraping the Tiles.—5. An Oyster Gatherer.

OYSTER CULTURE AT ARCACHON

STRAY THOUGHTS ON TROUSERS

His name was Miggles, and he walked about the cliff with a huge spyglass under his arm, holding it tightly, just as if it were some kind of hand-cannon that required delicate handling for fear it should go off. He was a fine-built, sturly old fellow, whose hair and beard had once been black; but age and exposure had changed them into a rusty grizzle, as the latter had turned his skin of a coppery fiery red. He may have had an occasional "grogue," as the French sailors from the *chasse marte* would have called it, but the tint of his complexion was certainly not due to fiery spirits; he was too sturdy and healthy for that, and, profoundly ignorant that he could not be looked at by a stranger without exciting laughter, and also that he—Old Jemmy Miggles—was a direct descendant of a grand Spanish Don Miguel, who had been cast ashore during the wreck of one of Philip's Grand Armada ships, he used to parade the cliff by day with his very big bad old telescope, and go out by night to set his lobster-pots in the bay.

You only smiled when you saw Miggles face to face. Not at his face, but at his garment, for, not counting his blue knitted guernsey shirt—he only wore one garment—to wit, a pair of trousers. But such a pair! They were composed of a wondrously thick flannel, or may be, druggot, so stiff and board-like that they did not show a single crease, and there can be no doubt that when he climbed out of them of a night—he could never have taken them off in the ordinary way—they must have stood straight up by his bedside, looking like a thickset man who had been cut off just below the arms. For that is the place to which Miggles' garment reached, well up over the chest and tight under the arms, held there by an exceedingly short pair of cotton braces, so that the ordinary vest of every-day life was a needless addition to his garb.

There was something, then, very droll in the aspect of Miggles when viewed face to face; but you only smiled. When he turned round you were obliged to follow his example and hasten away, so as to escape from giving the old fellow offence by your burst of mirth. Let me delicately intimate that I allude to additions to the garment, not made, evidently, on the score of age and wear, but to act as a kind of buttressing to the fabric, and the addition was made the more patent from its being of a most decidedly darker tint. Well, let Miggles rest. He was evidently proud of his garment, not from the score of vanity, but from the serviceable nature of his costume, and no doubt such a garment might, like the old ladies' brocades and laces of the past, be handed down as an heirloom.

The seaside is a good place to study one portion of the modern man's dress, for here you find how it was first invented. Originally, when man gave up the skin of a beast or a covering of leaves, he took to a kind of petticoat such as was worn by the Roman soldiery, the modern Greek, and which survives in our own Highlander. At the seaside you find the transition garment worn by the French fishermen who, when on board their two and three-masted luggers, busy with their nets and fish, may be seen wearing a stout, stiff canvas petticoat that buttons round the waist, descends well over the boot, and is stitched right up the middle, so that, though a petticoat in appearance, this stitching has formed, as it were, two legs; and here, I opine, we have the first idea of the masculine trouser—a garment which, in the days when we little bare-legged urchins in cotton drawers, low shoes, and socks, toddled unwillingly to school, we used to worship with such reverent longing and awe. We even fell down, not to worship it, but to cut our knees; and when at last the first steps were made towards passing into that bigger-boy stage, what joy swelled our young hearts, and how the joy was dashed by the ridicule of a school-fellow who pointed out that ours were not genuine trousers after all, but only make-believes, cloth leggings having been sewn to the cotton drawers. But at last they came; real trousers of the cloth popular in those days—invisible green, and with a jacket which was sent back to be lengthened into a tunic or surcoat because we were so small. That was a disappointment, but still we had the trousers, and in these it was not long before we tripped and made cracks right across the knees. Then to skip from youth to manhood; what a great deal more seems to have been thought of a pair of trousers in the past than at the present day. The cut was more distinctive, and they cost a great deal more than in these sewing-machine times. The age of the very sensible pantaloons and breeches was passed when men wore low shoes indoors, and changed them for a top or Hessian boot for the muddy street or road—a custom we look upon as quaint, but one to be envied upon a muddy day. These times were passed, and the light kerseymeres were becoming confined only to the old fogies of clubs, but people in summer graced their persons with lower garments made of white duck; even the soldiers and police wore them, and afforded rude boys opportunities for shouting "Your ducks want water!" Do any of you remember—you that are middle-aged and elderly—how intense was the interest you took in the trousers you wore, say, at the Great Exhibition, or when you were bound for that garden-party or picnic? I mean in those days when you firmly believed that young ladies were to be won by the cut of your hair, the colour of the huge tie you mounted, or the style of your leg-cases. I'm afraid that we must have been sad young ganders in those days. Perhaps young men are as bad now, but certainly the majority are far more sensible in dress. In those days people would have been horrified at a suit of tweeds or flannels, and a billycock hat. The young fellow who adopted such a costume would have been voted gamekeeperish, or low. And a little later on, what pranks were played by tailors. At one time your trouser was cut in a gaiterlike style to half cover your boot, beneath which two tongues of cloth were continued and fastened with a stud. Other trousers were not cut in this Parisian style, but even they must be fastened tightly down with straps so that there was a series of longitudinal folds to tighten at every step, and the effect upon the knees of the garment was sometimes so severe that elastic braces and india-rubber straps came into vogue. Maybe you remember the peculiar bronzing effect produced upon the sides of your boots by the play of the trouser buttons—Wellington boots of course, those absurdities whose leather legs should have been a protection from the mud right to the knee, but which were cleaned and polished, and covered with fine cloth to protect them. "But, then, see sir, how beautifully a trouser sets over a Wellington boot!" said a fashionable tailor once to me. Yes; and the trouser was strapped down, and the top of the boot showed in an ugly ridge which distorted the curve of the leg the moment you took a chair. Then there was the trouser cut à la mariner, tight at the knee and inverted funnel-shaped over the foot, leaving thereby a little bit of boot toe visible, a style this greatly affected by the 'Arrys of the day, for whom some ingenious White-chapel tailor added a new fashion that looked superb in superfine moleskin—to wit, the cutting up of the outer seam, which was decked with three or four fancy buttons, to be kept fastened or not at the wearer's pleasure; and his pleasure generally was to leave them open and tucked up in a careless manner, considered very becoming by the East London *dite*.

A step further and we came to another Parisian style, to judge of which to advantage I refer you to the old drawings of Tenniel and John Leech, whose sketches of the peg-top trousers are deliciously droll. These artists comically distorted the grotesque appearance of the garment by placing the wearer's hands in his trousers' pockets, and distending the hips, so that a man looked like a cork float or buoy. Exceedingly loose upwards and very tight at the ankle, the peg-top trouser was a most ungraceful costume; but it was free and easy, and a wonderful step in advance of the strapped-down cloth pipe that had been fashionable before. Who has not noticed the trouser worn by the stylish man who is "ossy," whether he be well to do or

merely a stableman out of work? Tight to a degree, and perhaps not so bad-looking upon a stout man, but as 'ossy men are generally not merely thin, but very thin, their legs are something to behold. Even now racing and betting men adopt this horse-leg style. "Legs" are specially prone to wearing them. Certainly such a tight garment is an advantage to him who rides, but then the majority of the men who adopt this costume are never seen *calijourchon* upon a horse.

Truly the trouser is an ugly garment, and the only things to be said in its favour are that it covers the lower part of the body—the upper as well among the Miggleses of the seaside—and is warm. Nothing can be worse adapted for a muddy day when the back becomes caked with mud, and makes a smooth coating of the plastic soil upon the heel of the boot. If not tucked up it imbibes the moisture on a wet day, and takes hours to dry, and in the case of soldiers has been proved to be so unsatisfactory that those slowly-moving people, the military authorities, have largely favoured leggings, leather bottoms to the legs, and in the cavalry, pantaloons and boots. If, then, the trouser be condemned in so wholesale a style, what is to take its place—the knickerbocker? Well, that certainly is not graceful, but a more comfortable garment could scarcely be found. The old-fashioned pantaloons? Certainly not if it is to be buttoned at the ankle and tied up with strings. The breeches of our grandfathers, the regular old John Bull mode, with shoes in fine weather and top-boots in wet? We might do worse, and nothing could be more English in its style. Then there is the aesthetically-shaped garment of your Bunthorne and your Archibald Grosvenor? Not bad if made of decent material, and not of velvet of a moonlight grey. Taken altogether, for a lower garment there is nothing that suggests utility and tolerably graceful look more than some modified form of the dress affected in the Carolinian or Cromwellian days. We are taking to the furniture, and the best of this is really good. Why not modify the dress? Still there is something more to say—time is flying very fast, vaporifically, electrically, we are living at a hundred times the rate of our ancestors, and after all said and done, we have too much to think of with our heads to trouble ourselves greatly about our legs.

G. MANVILLE FENN

A BATCH OF INDIAN AND CHINESE NEWSPAPERS

I OUGHT at once to say that I mean "A batch of Anglo-Indian and Anglo-Chinese Newspapers," in order to avoid the misapprehension that I may intend to refer to the Court Circular of the Celestial Empire, or the mysteries of Brahminical life.

A batch of newspapers very like what are issued from town and country offices in England has reached me. These newspapers bear the "imprints" of men with honest-sounding English names; they have orthodox leading articles, commercial intelligence, shipping news, and "the latest sportin' and bettin'." They are, in the main, printed on much better paper than many of the London, and almost all the provincial, newspapers seem able to afford, and some of them are sub-edited in a way which ought to make some English newspapers of high pretensions blush for their own slipshod style. But for the fact that it is the *Hong Kong Daily Press*, the *Shanghai Courier*, the *Times of India*, the *Bombay Gazette*, or the *Rangoon Gazette*, and for the constant recurrence of such names as "Mr. Ko Tha Lau," "Mr. Shony Myit," or "Mr. Chew Tiam Eeck," and a few peculiar quaintnesses, one might imagine oneself to be reading a solid, substantial English newspaper, whose proprietor is a Member of Parliament, whose editor is a jolly fellow, and whose office is in Manchester or Leeds, or the Caucus Capital.

The peculiarities have a certain freshness and crispness about them. When we find the fact of the wife of Ching Song Soo having presented her lord with a fine boy chronicled under the head of "Domestic Occurrences" a charming picture of home life is presented before us. I am curious to know how they classify the last acts from *Othello*, which surely now and then occur. And when an "elopement in high life" happens is it also a "domestic occurrence?" The police news reveals the fact that there are limits to the power of imagination even in crime. "A Burman, named Tarok Phyo, and an accomplice were fined ten rupees each for gambling in the public road and cheating people at the three-card trick." From what English sharper did this subject of King Theebaw learn his rogues? One can imagine the lank-limbed Burmans putting down the burdens they are hired to carry through the sultry streets of Rangoon in order to watch and wonder at the sharpness of Tarok Phyo. It would be interesting to know whether the thimble-trick has yet reached Burmah; and, if it has, what kind of a substitute the sharper has got for the well-to-do farmer who is his accomplice in England, and who flashes counterfeit bank notes in the eyes of dazed greenhorns.

The *Rangoon Gazette* watches over the public morals of its constituency. In commenting upon the fact that plants have been stolen "from the compound of the Methodist Church," it says, "the trees outside the railings of the church are the head-quarters of the police peon. Was the one on duty on Sunday night asleep or awake?" That question the constable referred to has doubtless answered ere this. Let us hope he will not refuse to give the *Rangoon Gazette's* reporter true particulars of the next accident or murder that comes under his notice. The spirit of the *Eatanswill Gazette* and *Independent* survives in Burmah, having possibly been translated there on its decadence in England, where, as we all know, newspapers treat each other with studied courtesy. "Our contemporary should really take measures to see that his reporters supply him with more correct information." I have not had the privilege of seeing what "our contemporary" said about it. Rangoon is evidently a field for enterprise. A correspondent, whose name I trust was first mentioned to the editor of the *Rangoon Gazette* "as a guarantee of good faith," wants to know "whether the new newspaper about to be started here has any connection with the Rangoon Volunteer Artillery, as I notice that the peon belonging to the corps is employed to distribute copies of its prospectus." And the editor remarks in a foot-note that of course he doesn't know, but he should think not.

A very interesting series of articles has lately been published in the *Rangoon Gazette* on "Life in a Phonyee Kyong," or "Hpongyee Kyong," for I notice it is as often spelled one way as the other. A "Phonyee Kyong" (let us take the easiest form) is a monastery to which the priests of Boodha, who have forsown the pomps and vanities of eating rice and being constantly baked by a hot sun, retire "to spend their days unaffected by the ordinary cares of life, seeking perfection in order to obtain its reward—annihilation." The phonyee is thus presented to us:—"A man with shaven head, and clean but ugly face, sits in an inner room, rosary in hand, crossed-legged, and chewing betel-nut—an occupation the loss of which would in most cases leave him without employment. The clothes he wears consist of three pieces of yellow cloth, the yellow colour being a symbol of mourning and humility. The first piece is fastened to his waist by a band, and hangs down close to the ankles. The other two pieces serve as cloaks, the smaller one being thrown over the left shoulder and folded round the body several times. The large one is worn in very much the same fashion; but more loosely, and is allowed to hang down almost to the ankles. The right shoulder is left bare. An expression of impenetrable dulness overspreads the phonyee's face, and an insipid smile plays on his lips. On beholding him one is reminded of a cow lying under some shady tree on a hot summer's day, and chewing its cud. He casts a vacant glance at the women as they put down

their food; but, although gratified at the prospect of a dainty meal, it would be extremely derogatory on his part to express his thanks."

These phonyees though have high jinks occasionally. The description of the shampooing process in which they indulge is too good to be lost. Mark Twain would go into ecstasies over it. "The service over, the younger boys generally go to bed, and the priests and Thamanays go to their studies. The head priest, or phonyee, however, frequently requires to be shampooed and scratched, and some three or four young recluses remain behind to perform this virtuous office, for which they shall surely not go unrewarded in the next state of their existence. Habit has accustomed the priest to a more vigorous form of shampooing than that to which ordinary people are accustomed. He lies stomach downwards, and a boy walks up and down his legs, at the same time pressing heavily with the feet. The remainder vie with each other in digging their elbows into his back. Under this delightful sensation the priest's tongue is loosened, and he repeats story after story." If walking on a man's legs will not loosen his tongue, it is time to send for the notary.

I am glad to find that though the vices of England have found their way to British Burmah the virtues in extreme have not. Moring Nay Doon was aroused from his sleep by a noise, and found a man attempting to enter his house by the window. He forthwith fell upon the would-be burglar, and wounded him severely, and the law did not shake its head at him.

The *Hong Kong Daily Press* is an admirable sheet. It is quite like old England to read of "Beaconsfield Arcade," and to find the secretary of the Carlton Club testifying to the virtues of Carlton whisky by declaring that "the consumption of this whisky in this Club has greatly increased." It goes without saying that the whisky is good. The deep dogs of the Carlton can discriminate between whisky and turpentine. I wonder does the heathen Chinese try Pepper's Taraxacum and Podophyllin when he is troubled with wind on the stomach? Does he fly to Rowland's Kalydor or Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer when his pigtail begins to moult? Or has he recourse when all other remedies have failed to Halloway's pills and ointment?

They are trying experiments in the Victoria gaol, Hong Kong. The present physician is a stern moralist, who has blown to the winds the notion that an opium smoker ought to be broken gently from his degrading habit. The unlucky wight is not now permitted, as he used to be, to have his pipe after his hard labour. No more visions of a paradise of kite-flying and dollars for him. The physician has no patience with the gnawing in his stomach, and experience has shown that he is right.

Just now a great deal is being said and written about the model qualities of John Chinaman as a domestic servant and labourer. We may see from the following that troubles are still in store for English masters and mistresses when they have secured the "Coming Race" for their sculleries. Li Asing, a name with a nasty sound suggesting lying and laziness, and other evil qualities, was charged at the Hong Kong police court with being a disobedient servant, and was fined one dollar. His master "went home to dinner and found none ready. He told the defendant to go for his dinner, but the defendant refused, and said he would not work any longer, and became abusive." Depend upon it, if John Chinaman comes to England he will stipulate for his night out and "followers."

From the *Shanghai Courier* I cull an amusing instance of British impertinence. An Englishman was charged with obtaining a suit of clothes from a Chinese tailor by false pretences. His case was remanded for the production of further evidence. He then complained to the magistrate of the lack of attention he had experienced in the police cell. The policeman stepped forward, and said he took the prisoner a beefsteak for his breakfast, and asked him if he would also like an egg. The lordly Briton thereupon remarked that it was true the policeman did take some "stuff" to him, but he was not in a mood to eat it just then. Eventually he was remanded to the gaol instead of the police cells, as he complained he "could not get a wink of sleep" because of a noisy prisoner there.

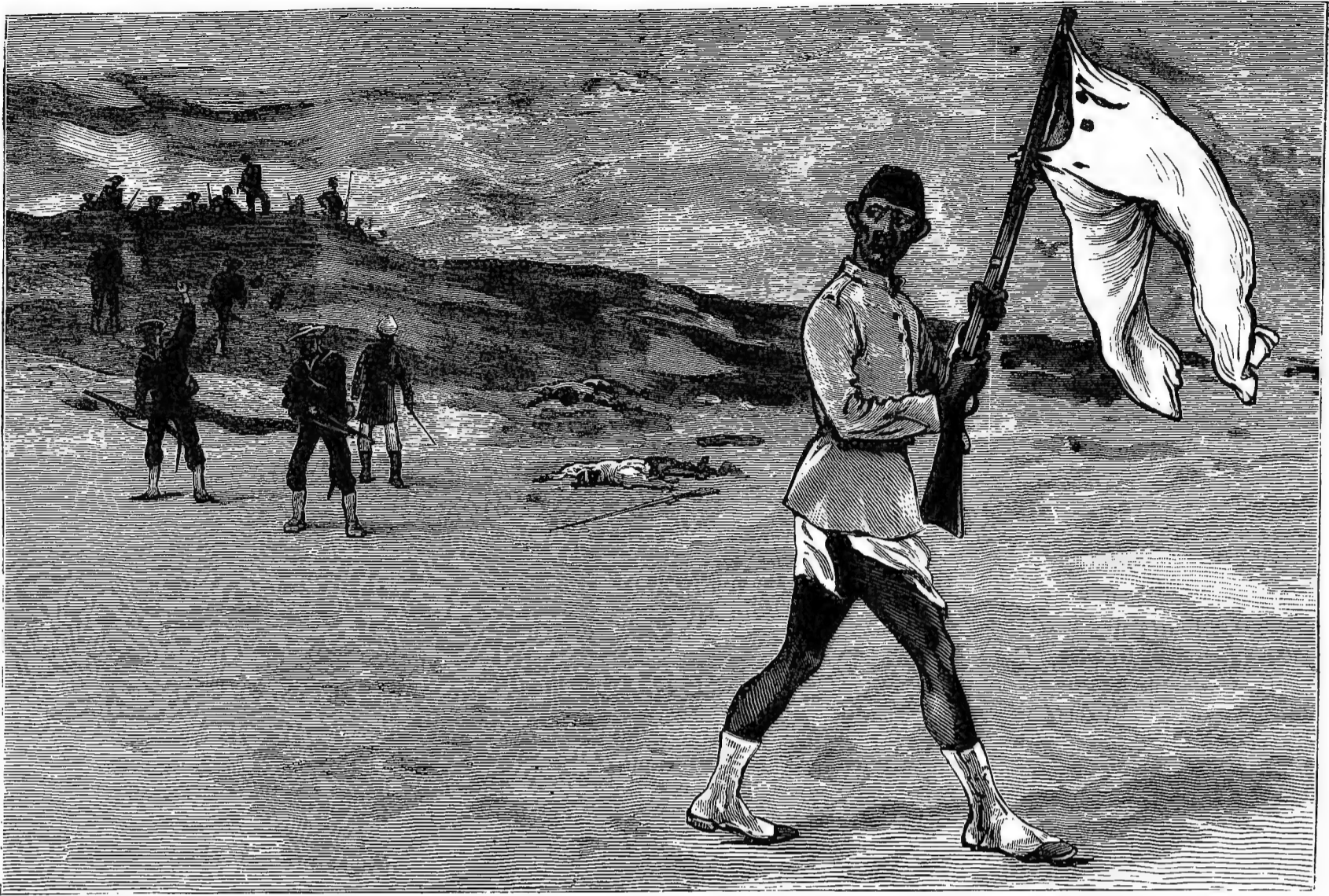
The *Times of India* tells of a fancy dress ball at Mussoorie, at which one of the guests had the bad taste to appear as "General Booth, Salvation Army." The *Bombay Gazette* reports that they are threatened with an Indian contingent of the Salvation Army, and proceeds:—"It is feared the pious invaders will have some hot work to do in the beginning. The idea is not bad; but, as *Native Opinion* said last week, it will never take with the philosophic Indian. Hindus and Mussulmans are sure to enter into an alliance offensive and defensive. And, if so, the Salvation Army, instead of saving weak souls, may see many a strong body badly damaged. At any rate, an encounter will be no holiday work for poor Sir Frank Souter and Dr. Carter, of the J. J. Hospital."

I could multiply amusing extracts and references, but the above are sufficient to show that an hour's enjoyment may be derived from a batch of Indian and Chinese newspapers.

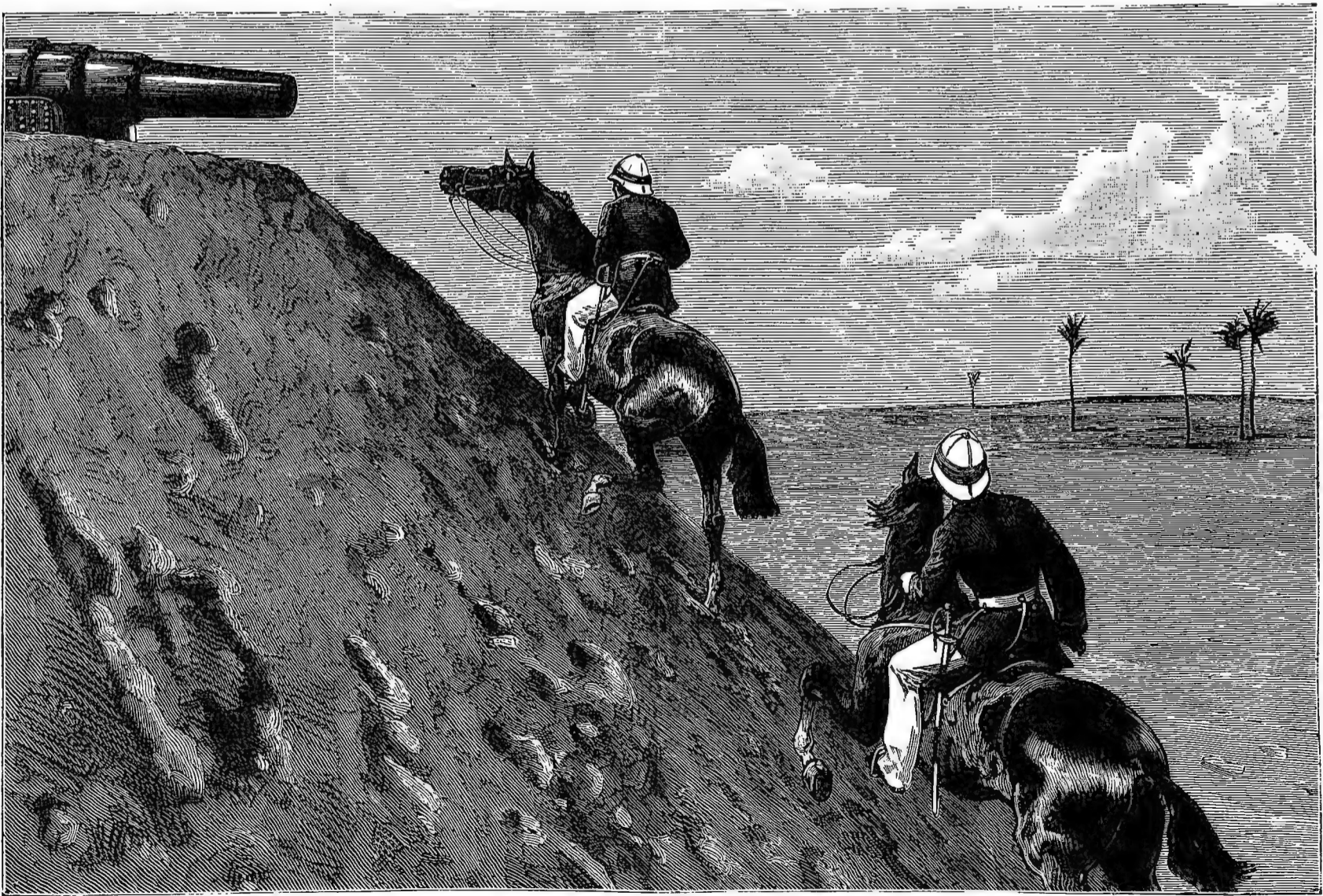
T. H. N.

RUNNING A LOCAL JOURNAL

A LOCAL journal cannot be "run" anywhere. The ingenious capitalist who is determined to embark his money in influencing public opinion requires a little judgment in the selection of his district. He need not erect his chimney, build his Marinonis, spread out his printing cases, and gather his staff in the first place which turns up. There are some yawning communities where the enterprise will not be rewarded. In towns, for example, where there is a broad market-place into which bulky agriculturists bring samples of their produce once a week, there is not much chance of success. Such men are poor readers, and their minds are so sluggish, that they adhere affectionately to ancient county prints, where they are sure of finding their old jokes in their proper columns at calculable intervals of time. Nor is a locality devoted to health or pleasure much worth for the purpose. They contain fluctuating populations which come in from a distance, and either read daily what arrives out of London, or have local newspapers posted to them from different parts of the kingdom, which they prefer to the sheet of the district. Besides, nothing happens of much moment in such places beyond sauntering at pier-heads or drinking at public wells, and a journal goes lamely if it has no permanent supply of incident to rely upon. Perhaps, on the whole, the best centre of population for the purpose is one which works beneath a cloud of smoke. Let the capitalist, in searching, note the leading features. A town with a prominent gaol square is likely to be a serviceable one, if the gaol is only an incident and not a leading feature of the place. If its walls happen to show among a rich prospect of chimneys throwing out reek like cheerful volcanoes, he will at once be able to say to himself, "Here is a town where somebody will be periodically hanged. Here is a bustling, scheming, active life. It is a place where a venture will be likely to meet with a public on the outlook for some new thing." He examines the faces on the station platform. They seem like good men and true; they have elbows and they use them; and if there is latent greed in the cordial tone of their voices, why that denotes a community legitimately looking after its own interests. The capitalist need have no doubt about his prospects after he has seen his town, that there's a canal in it, a theatre, two political club-houses, numerous public-houses and some churches, with only three weeklies exercising spiritual jurisdiction over forty or fifty thousand people.



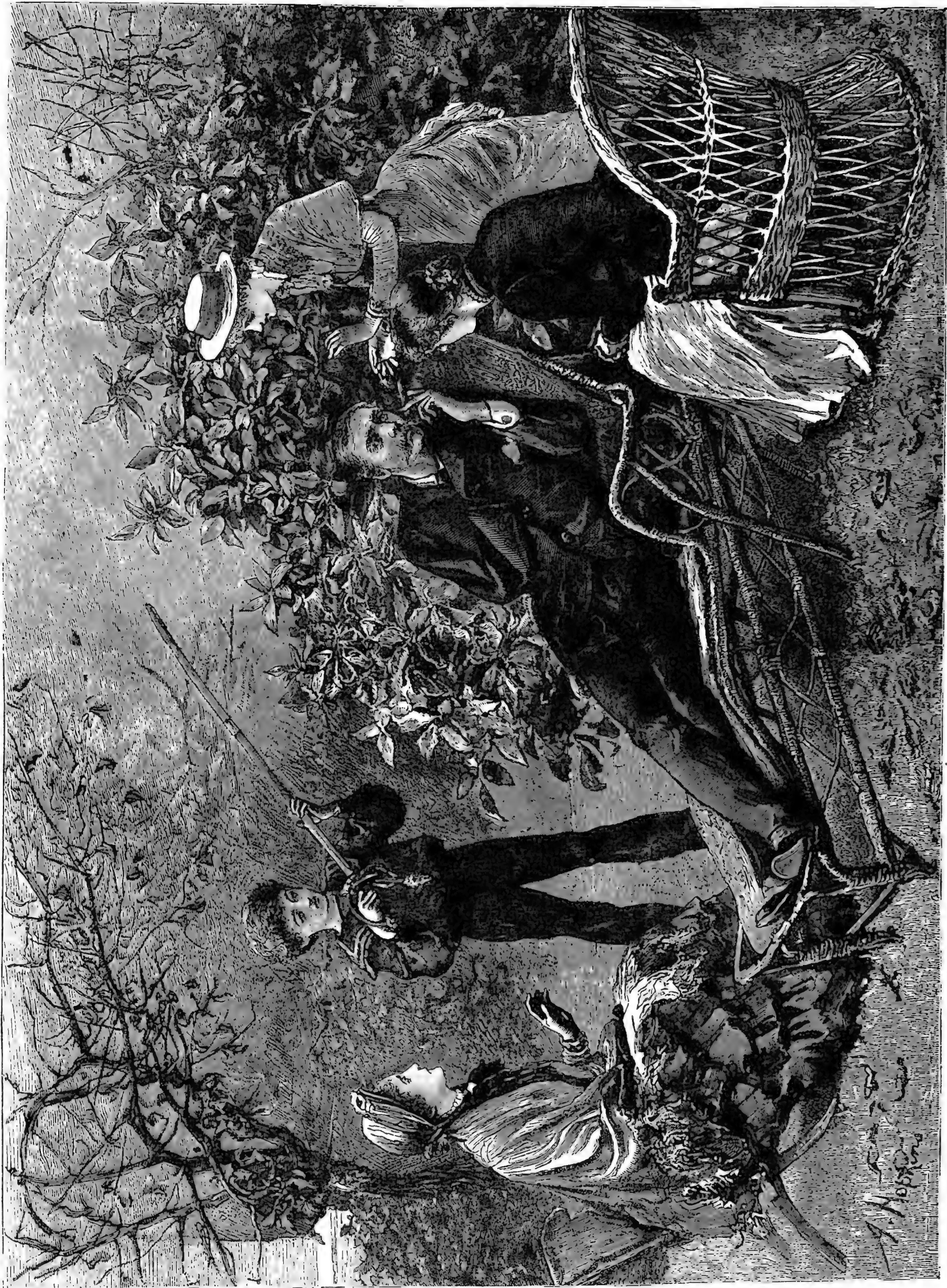
IS IT PEACE?
An Egyptian Soldier Retiring and Hoisting his White Trousers as a Flag of Truce on the Approach of the British



Captain Kelly
GETTING INTO A FORT AT ABOUKIR BAY
The Entrance Gate had been Secured

A Naval Lieutenant

THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT—THE FORTS IN ABOUKIR BAY
SKETCHES BY A NAVAL OFFICER



"HOME AGAIN"
DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

A. Hopkins

The first material obstacle there is not much difficulty in overcoming. A dye-works has just given in, or premises devoted to vinegar and pickles are in the market; one of them is easily obtained, and the work of transformation is swiftly accomplished; his engine is hissing in the machine-room; the store is filled with rolls of paper; the compositors engaged on the weeklies have all been bribed to come in, and a ragged-school has been impressed to distribute it in the streets. All his life the capitalist has never written anything but an advertisement, but he garnishes the walls of his room with political portraits, and from the commencement assumes the literary direction. It is right for him to do that, else he will lose the *kudos* which may otherwise pertain to a mere writing fellow in his pay. Not that he will require such assistance very much, if he is judicious. For, in such a town, he will find a great deal of literary talent hankering after publication. There is the Nonconformist preacher for one, who has dreamt day and night for years that he has been laying the axe to the root of the National Church. He will flow like a mill-dam upon his own topic, and only seek the reward of publication. There is the practitioner in the local Court who understands the bearings of the English Constitution, and who can produce yards of safe if unreadable prelection upon that and kindred topics. It will be surprising if a clergyman of the Established Church, recognising the Nonconformist hand in the paper, does not then hasten to send in old lectures upon Hooker, Chrysostom, and St. Augustine, or replies to agitators in the style of Mr. Burke. It is not, however, until an unsteady gentleman with a Bardolphian nose, distilling strong odours of malt, approaches him with "copy" that the capitalist is sure of a steady supply. Bardolph has been the light of all the local organs in town; the capitalist, if he will content himself with spasmodic work from him, finds him invaluable. When he is not seeing imaginary rats and supposing himself to be pursued by crocodiles, he will turn his hand to anything; use a shears, handle a paste-pot, compose a poem, write something on anything at a minute's notice. Properly snubbed and threatened Bardolph will do ten times as much as he is paid for. And, outside, no one can associate the disreputable appearance of the fellow with the rolling periods which meet the local eye up and down the sheet. The capitalist has thus not been long established before he finds that he has made a right choice of district. Hitherto it has been an unworked mine of incident, its vigorous life known only to the larger world by condensed allusions in papers nationally circulated. But day after day is his choice justified. The chamber of a pit provisionally closes upon some miners, and, his reporters being in at the death, he is able to sell more papers than he can print. A boiler bursts in a factory, and the tale of dead and dying is rewarded by a portentous demand. A mysterious murder, involving the distribution in paper parcels, in different parts of the town, of the organs and functions of two anatomies, brings a surging crowd beneath his windows. He then finds himself a mark for the three weeklies. They have found out that he is an adventurer. One of them suggests that no mysterious murders occurred until he entered the community. He is said to have robbed a till, forged a cheque, poisoned his mother-in-law, run away with his uncle's wife. Then he understands that he is on the road to success. Finding out every detail in the domestic history of his opponents he establishes a scurrilous department, under his own supervision, gives out that it is written by a local parson, and, in the course of a month, by dint of dexterous Billingsgate, he has silenced his opponents. He is then at the most dangerous point in his career. Toleration he has secured, which is good. But the first burst of accidents being over, there is not such a rush on his sheet. People decline to read disestablishment and the English Constitution every other day. Scurrility is, after all, the most popular department, but he has to mix it judiciously with other elements.

It is not, however, until he realises one important idea that he can be really said to succeed. That is that the denizens of the smoky region upon which he daily casts his leaflet are chiefly interested in themselves, and that, so long as he ignores the world outside of them, and describes them to themselves, they are content to read what he gives them. He accordingly abandons Imperial politics altogether, and treats England and her Colonial Empire as if they were insignificant appendages of the town. To Europe he pays no attention whatever, and to America just sufficient to annex the current jokes of California, Burlington, and Danbury, which he prints with his signature. In the meantime he has discovered that the great draper in the front street who, with a catalogue of all his goods, has taken up a permanent stand in his outside page, is a man of high distinction. A laborious story of self-help is then inserted, and the vanity of the traders being tickled, he is appealed to for more, and still more of the same thing. Then it becomes tacitly understood that a biography will be given in exchange for an advertisement, and, in the course of time, his till is full, eminent grocers and talented millers, eager to read the account of their own rise, advertising their wares in every variety of type. The capitalist is at that point able to joke with his banker for the first time with a good conscience. Having abandoned all the 'ologies and 'isms, and devoted himself to what occurs beneath the chimneys, he rapidly finds himself becoming a person of consequence in his community. True, the chief magistrate, who cannot be got to understand his Radical principles, and who has nothing to advertise, is at loggerheads with the print. He snorts when he sees the capitalist in the street, and privately offers Bardolph a free passage to the Cape of Good Hope to save him from being hanged. Then he picks a quarrel in public with the print, after which it becomes the leading authority of the district. The eccentricities of the chief magistrate then serve as a perpetual *pièce-de-resistance* when the town is dull. No news, abuse the chief magistrate is the motto, until at last that stout worthy is goaded to desperation. He arrives one day with a high-constable's baton, and pursues the capitalist from floor to ceiling, overturning a devil, a printer, a stone, and a case, a scene which with admired dexterity Bardolph narrates in a late edition. Being within reasonable distance of an election, the borough and county members call each time they are in town. Tragedians and leading atheists from London send in their cards. It is ultimately necessary to open connection with the Cheshire Cheese, so that he may have his information from Downing Street piping hot.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

It may well be believed that the Rev. John Cullen, author of "Poems and Idylls" (Hatchards), excels in prose writing; his verse is exactly of the order which would seem to show poetic feeling such as often goes to make a good, or even a great writer, but it hardly entitles him to rank as a poet. The most important piece, "The Captivity," deals with the Jewish conquest by Assyria, and may have been intended for music,—it mostly resembles the average libretto of an oratorio, and we cannot accept either "given" or "even" as a rhyme to "heaven." Of the other pieces "The Harvest Bride" is, perhaps, the best; there is a fair imitation of the Poet Laureate's style in such poems as "Dora" or "Audley Court;" the translation of Queen Mary's exquisite hymn is far from satisfactory.

Good as it is on the whole, we had expected more from "Silver Store," by the Rev. S. Baring Gould, M.A. (Skeffington). The legends are selected from Medieval and Rabbinical sources,—and every student of this lore must know that no man living is better qualified to treat of such matters than was the late author. He modestly disclaims any aspiration to rank as a poet, yet we could wish

that he had taken more trouble with the rhythmical element in his work, and also with the rhyming. The most effective things in the volume are undoubtedly "The Building of St. Sophia,"—which, somehow, recalls the legend in the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum* of Cornelius the Clown,—and "The Little Scholar." "The Devil's Confession" is terrible and powerful to a degree; some religionists might well lay to heart the last lines! But it strikes one that "Thorkell Mäni," though dying in full sight of the Sun-god, probably marked himself for Odin—if only for decency's sake.

Reminiscences of Mr. Arthur Pendennis and his abortive prize poem come to the mind after reading "Ariadne in Naxos," by R. S. Ross (Trübner). The author has evidently studied "Comus" and "The Faithful Shepherdess" with appreciation, and has, probably, devoted some time to Mr. Swinburne's works—the outcome being the present drama. But it is not a good one. The blank verse contains any number of feet, from eight to twelve, and the lyrical choruses have a sad tendency to doggerel, e.g.—

See, sulphurous-visaged and swarth (*sic*) they arise
From Tartarus' flames; the white sea, the gray skies
Are hidden, and blackened to denseness of night,
Let us haste to escape from this horrible sight.

This was when the Furies were coming. It strikes one also that since the author was so careful about classic forms he might as well have given "Hyperion" its proper accentuation, whatever Shakespeare and Keats may have seen fit to do.

THE DARKNESS OF LONDON

THACKERAY was of opinion that the "night-life" of society a hundred years ago was rather a dark life. There was but one candle for ten which we now see in a lady's drawing-room, to say nothing of "the wondrous new illuminations of the clubs." Tallow candles guttered and smoked and stank in passages. The candle-snuffer was a notorious official at the theatre. How dark are the feasts in Hogarth's pictures, how begrimed as it were with tallow! In "Marriage à la Mode," in Lord Viscount Squanderfield's grand saloon, where he and his wife sit yawning before the horror-stricken steward when the party is over—there are but eight candles—one on each card-table, and half-a-dozen in a brass chandelier. Why, if Jack Briefless convoked his friends to oysters and beer in his chambers in Pump Court, he would have twice as many. "Let us comfort ourselves," concluded the novelist, "by thinking that Louis Quatorze in all his glory held his revels in the dark, and bless Mr. Price and other luciferous benefactors of mankind for banishing the abominable mutton of our youth."

But if the "night-life" of the past, with its scanty allowance of tallow and wax-candles, was dark within doors, what was it without, in the streets, in the highways and byways! A few flickering oil lamps, provided at the cost of the parish, fixed at street corners or suspended upon ropes above the roadway, these, with the dim horn lanterns of those senile and infirm guardians of the night, the old-fashioned watchmen, were the only means of public illumination, although the wealthier citizens, of course, carried lanterns of their own to light them on their way, or sought the aid of link-boys, or employed servants to bear flambeaux before them. The ornamental ironwork still flourishing about old doorways often exhibits the cone wont to be employed as an extinguisher of the torches of the footmen of old. Those were dark nights, before gas came to revolutionise the lighting of London! And now in its turn the existence of gas as a lighting power is threatened—it is to be superseded by the forces of electricity. Gas has been threatened on previous occasions, however, yet lives on still, as the threatened are proverbially apt to do. In 1842 the *Spectator*, as a result of certain experiments made in Pall Mall, confidently predicted that in a few years the Bude light would supersede gas as far as the latter had superseded oil for street lighting. The Bude light is now forgotten, however; nothing has been heard of it for a very long while. It has, perhaps, been put out for ever.

Were our ancestors fond of gloom? Did they delight to sit in darkness? The streets of old London were very narrow, the houses were lofty, and the upper stories projected, nodding towards their fellows on the other side of the way, casting deep shadows upon all the chambers below. The rooms were low-ceilinged, the ceilings being of a dark hue, oftentimes merely the smoke-stained oaken rafters and timbers of the floor above; and the windows were small of size, the glass rather opaque, with thick and clumsy sashes to the panes, and few in number, even before that cruellest and meanest of impostors, the tax upon light, was instituted, and clouds were preferred to sunshine because they were so much cheaper! The tax-collector came round, closing the shutters one by one, as though there had been a death in the house; indeed, there had been in the house of the poor—the death of the sun; one of the many victims of the Great War, and its close attendant and shadow, the National Debt.

Without doubt London has always been a dark city. Has it ever been without fogs? How was it in Shakespeare's time? When he produced his *Macbeth*, and wrote of his witches hovering "through the fog and filthy air," surely it was of a London fog he was thinking, and not of a Scotch mist, which could not properly be described as filthy, though it might appropriately be called by many other unpleasant names. The fog Imogen speaks of, which her eye "cannot see through," might well be a London fog; and the fog Puck is bidden to bring about to lead the rival lovers astray in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* boasts certainly a metropolitan character. Says Oberon:

Hie! therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one comes not within another's way.

"Drooping fog as black as Acheron" perfectly describes the disagreeable visitant who afflicts our streets in November.

That London was foggy and smoky enough some fifty years after the death of Shakespeare we know from John Evelyn's famous pamphlet, which he called "Fumifugium, or a Prophetic Invective Against the Fire and Smoke of London." Evelyn took the atmospheric condition of the town much to heart. "Fumifugium" was presented to King Charles the Second, who was much gratified with it, and was pleased that Mr. Evelyn should publish it by his special command. In 1662 Evelyn noted that he had "received from Sir Peter Ball, the Queen's Attorney, a draft of an Act against the nuisance of the smoke of London to be reformed by removing several trades which are the cause of it, and endanger the health of the King and his people." Apparently, the Act was not proceeded with, and nothing was done to further certain remedies Evelyn had humbly proposed to dissipate "the inconveniences of the Air and Smoke of London." When the Great Fire came in 1666 Evelyn's "Fumifugium" was looked back upon as most prophetic.

It may further be noted that Evelyn's account of the fog which occurred in the course of the Great Frost of 1684 corresponds exactly with the condition of a London fog at the present time. The frost lasted some weeks. The Thames was frozen over, the ice being thick and strong enough to bear "not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over." Mr. Evelyn walked on the ice from Westminster to dine with the Archbishop at Lambeth. Coaches plied from Westminster Stairs to the Temple, "and from several other stairs to and fro as in the streets." There were sledges on the ice, "sliding with skates," horse and coach races, puppet-plays and interludes, with roasting of oxen, and much

tippling; and this bacchanalian triumph or carnival on the water lasted some weeks. It was thought to be a severe judgment on the land, however: "the trees not only splitting as if lightning struck them, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice that no vessels could stir out or come in; the fowls, fish, and birds, and all exotic plants and greens universally perishing; many parks of deer destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive." This severe weather prevailed all over Europe, "even as far as Spain" and the most southern tracts. London had its special affliction, however. "By reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke it was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea coal that hardly one could see across the streets, and this, filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so one could scarcely breathe. There was no water to be had to supply the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents." Fifteen years later, and Evelyn has again to report of the darkness of London; "so thick a mist and fog that people lost their way in the streets, it being so intense that no light of candles or torches, yielded any or but very little, direction. I was in it," he narrates, "and in danger. Robberies were committed between the very lights which were fixed between London and Kensington on both sides, and whilst coaches and travellers were passing. It began about four in the afternoon, and was quite gone by eight, without any wind to disperse it. At the Thames they beat drums to direct watermen to make the shore."

The "night-life of society" is less dark than it was, the "abominable mutton" has departed, and Jack Briefless may illuminate his Pump Court chambers with gas, or possibly with an electric lamp on the arc or the incandescent systems, if he so pleases; yet there is oftentimes darkness enough over the land: the street fogs of London are still with us. Is it a consolation to reflect that Londoners were no better off when Evelyn published his "Fumifugium," and wrote of the fogs in his "Diary"? Or should we not rather marvel that the London of the present day has not improved upon the London of two hundred years ago? Nay—it has grown very much worse. For each London chimney that gave forth the "fuliginous steam of sea-coal" in Evelyn's time there are two hundred, if not, indeed, two thousand chimneys. Still, "the cold air hinders the ascent of the smoke"—Evelyn has described the process exactly—and our lungs are "filled with gross particles" so that we can scarcely breathe. And the remedy? If discovered, it has still to be put in operation. Meanwhile, every man contemplates the smoking chimneys about him with disgust, is surprised that the Legislature does not interfere to prevent or prohibit them, and strongly recommends his neighbours to burn anthracite coal or to warm themselves over gas-stoves—while deferring any alteration of his own grates!

D. C.



THE charm of Bohemia is perpetual—especially for those who live beyond its borders. Mr. John Hill, in "Wild Rose"—which he very rightly calls a romance (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), has sought inspiration from the muse which inspired Henri Mürger, and which has called into existence so many reproductions of the topics of the great Bohemian historian. How far all the novelists who have idealised whatever may yet remain of the Latin quarter draw from original observation, or how far from conventional tradition, and from one another, is never very easy to gather, but at any rate Mr. Hill has succeeded in giving his characters a very considerable share of fresh and vigorous life. Though exceedingly familiar spirits, they prove anything but ghostlike in his hands. Possibly "Wild Rose" may be thought to err a little on the side of excess in the matter of vitality. She is at any rate as wild as a Rose can well be, without passing the limits of what the severer laws of fiction have laid down as becoming in a heroine. She has been brought up among a set of medical students and young painters in Paris, being, so to speak, the daughter of a regiment, and acquires, in all innocence, a liking for cigarettes and champagne. That she does not get on well when transplanted to a decorous English home may well be imagined, and her consequent adventures are interesting and amusing. Both the girl herself and her experiences are often extravagantly improbable, but they are perfectly harmless, and unforgettably lively.

"Saint and Sibyl," a Story of Old Kew, by C. L. Pirkis (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) promises a sober domestic study of the interesting locality chosen for its scene, but presently runs into a romance scarcely less decided than that of the last-named novel, with a no less strangely introduced heroine. Sibyl has been bought for five pounds from the clown of a travelling circus by an amiable young man who has a taste for introducing all sorts of more or less objectionable pets of all kinds into his family circle. Of course she proves an *enfant terrible*, being supplied with a contrast in the person of her purchaser's cousin, called "Saint." Equally of course it is that he falls in love with the uncomfortable Sibyl instead of with the Saint as soon as she becomes old enough for that most necessary of all the ingredients for a work of fiction. An unprincipled man of genius and a quarrel with the hero's aunt play havoc for a while with Sibyl's life, but all comes well in the end. The story is, in some of its incidents—as when Sibyl impulsively returns to the clown whom she had no particular reason to think had any claim upon her—forced and unnatural, and it is as difficult to point to the reasons for its interest as to the manner in which it can be supposed to illustrate the life of Old Kew. But, nevertheless, the interest is there, and the author must therefore be credited with exceptional skill in the use he has made of unpromising materials. The characters are always lifelike, and the young man whose charities were more wide than discreet supplies a portrait at once sympathetic and original.

Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, in "For Old Sake's Sake" (1 vol.: Bentley and Son), has, we think, somewhat missed the point of the play—Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Sweethearts*—which she has essayed to turn into a story. She has parted her lovers by a misunderstanding, and has given her hero a very satisfactory share of constancy and memory. These departures at once transform a sharp, half bitter, half tender satire into a conventional love-story hanging upon the conventional and irritating miscomprehension which a word could at any time have swept away. Indeed in every respect strength has evaporated in the process of transmutation, and this would probably have proved the case in stronger hands than those of Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh. Of course the two scenes of the drama have to be beaten out very thinly indeed, and a feature is made of the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, in which the hero takes part—a scene in which the authoress has again somewhat rashly brought herself into comparison with formidable competitors. Probably success, under the circumstances, was impossible—at any rate it has not been attained.

"A Prince of Breffny," by Thomas P. May (1 vol.: Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson and Bros.), comes direct from America. It is a love story, built upon the early career of General Count O'Reilly, a historical Irishman who reached high rank in the Spanish service during the latter half of the last century. It cannot be said that it shows any higher qualities as a work of fiction than the results of a praiseworthy amount of reading, and an evident sympathy with the form and spirit of the old-fashioned historical novel.



1. Lady Gushington: "I have been so longing for a *tête-à-tête*. I have heard you have done the most heroic things. Do tell me all—from the beginning."—2. "Tim, the Saxon would have looked mane an' he hadn't been there." "Thru for ye."—3. "Their complexions look awful, I think, Mr. Plush. Hothers may think so or not." "Ya-as, Barton, they do look rather rough—a trifle coarse, you know."—4. Splendid Misery: "General Fitzfague may be an excellent man. I don't say he is not—'Eaven forbid—but we know if the gallant officer, who honours us by accepting our humble hospitality, a—a—and the sword which we flatter—a—a—had not been there—the right man in the right place—a—a—events MIGHT have been different."—5. "My son."—6. "England expected every man to do his duty, and, of course, was not disappointed."—7. "I think Hegypt's made 'im look more 'andsome." "Yes, and more 'aughty."—8. "Noo, I winder whether Sir Garnet really likes could tea better than this?"

RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—SKETCHES IN ADVANCE



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM EARLE, C.S.I.
In Command of the Line of Communications

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL G. H. S. WILLIS, C.B.
In Command of the First Division

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, K.C.B.
In Command of the Third Brigade

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR EDWARD HAMLEY, R.A., K.C.M.G., C.B.
In Command of the Second Division

MAJOR-GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.M.G.
In Command of the Guards Brigade in the First Division

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN ADYE, R.A., K.C.B.
Chief of the Staff and Second in Command

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.
Commander-in-Chief

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., V.C.
In Command of the Fourth Brigade

SOME OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS COMMANDING IN EGYPT

A BIRDS EYE VIEW
OF
THE SUEZ CANAL.

